Dupont del. Geo. C. Finden, sc.

"Gainsborough's first attempt at Portrait Painting."

LIFE

OF

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

BY THE LATE

GEORGE WILLIAMS FULCHER.

Edited by his Son.

KEW CHURCH.

On the South-side of which Gainsborough was buried Aug.t 9th 1788.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS,

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FULCHER, PRINTER, SUDBURY.

PREFACE.

NEARLY seventy years have passed away since Gainsborough was borne to the churchyard of Kew. During that period little has been known of his personal history. Within a month of his decease, his early patron, Thicknesse, published a brief memoir, "written," he says, "in one day,"—of which we need not here say more, than that it deservedly enjoyed a fame of equal duration. Nine years elapsed, and Smith, the biographer of Nollekens, wrote to Constable, who was then at Ipswich, desiring him to gather what particulars he could concerning the great Painter; but in the town wherein Gainsborough resided thirteen years, one so enthusiastic as Constable was unable—in May, 1797—"to learn anything of consequence respecting him."

Until the year 1829, no reliable narrative of Gainsborough's life appeared. The curious might, indeed, have acquired a few facts from obituary notices in magazines, from collections of anecdotes, from the biographies of some eminent men; but previously to the publication of Allan Cunningham's Lives of the Painters, Gainsborough's history was a blank to the world in general. Of the first volume of that charming work, twenty-eight pages only were devoted to Gainsborough. A book so extensive in design, was, of necessity, limited in its notice of individuals. In the case of Gainsborough, especially, personal and diligent enquiry in the various scenes of his sojourning being the chief means of obtaining information, the result might well be small

Except in his native county, where he spent almost half his life, there was little chance of Gainsborough finding a biographer. Circumstances of locality gave my Father the opportunity—a true reverence for great men the inclination—and the intervals of relaxation in an active life the means—for collecting materials for a memoir of Gainsborough. Esteeming it a privilege to have been born in the same town, to have been

educated at the same school, to have loved the same scenes, he felt it also a duty to prepare some memorial of his townsman's genius, to preserve, at least, from oblivion, those traditions to which he had access. Many interesting particulars had been collected, and a portion of this narrative written, when sudden death, in June last, brought my Father's labors to a close. It thus devolved upon me to complete what he had begun. I wrote to several Artists and Lovers of Art requesting their aid, and amongst those gentlemen who readily responded to my enquiries, furnishing me with much valuable information, I desire most gratefully to mention the names of John Sheepshanks, Esq. and C. R. Leslie, Esq., R.A. To Mr. Leslie I am also indebted for many useful suggestions, for remarks on some of Gainsborough's paintings, and for contributions to the Catalogue.

My acknowledgments are especially due to such of Gainsborough's surviving representatives as have enlightened me on various points of his history—to R. J. Lane, Esq., A.R.A.; the Rev. Gainsborough Gardiner; Gainsborough Dupont, Esq.; and Mrs. Sarah Browne.

I beg further to acknowledge the courteous communications of R. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P.; Dr. Hoskins, F.R.S.; G. H. Christie, Esq.; J. Britton, Esq., F.S.A.; Rev. J. Freeman, M.A.; J. Bentley, Esq.; G. Beaufoy, Esq.; R. Almack, Esq.; J. C. Denham, Esq.; J. H. Anderdon, Esq.; G. Constable, Esq.; J. Wiltshire, Esq.; C. Empson, Esq.; J. Kent, Esq.; D. R. Blaine, Esq.; J. Ferguson, Esq.; J. O. Parker, Esq.; W. R. Glennie, Esq.; J. Wodderspoon, Esq.; Miss C. Taylor; Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. R. Deck, and Mr. R. Roe.

On looking over my Father's papers, I find that the Rev. W. J. Bolton, Mr. A. H. Burkitt, and Mr. Herbert, rendered him considerable assistance.

In the Catalogue, it would, perhaps, have been impossible, at this distance of time, to prevent errors and omissions. I shall be truly obliged to him who will enable me to correct the one, and supply the other.

E. S. FULCHER.

Sudbury, June 16th, 1856.

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LIFE OF

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

CHAPTER I.

Birthplace & Parentage.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was born in the parish of St. Gregory, Sepulchre Street, Sudbury, Suffolk, in the year 1727—the day or the month is not recorded—and baptised at the Independent Meeting-house, May 14th, in the same year. His father, Mr. John Gainsborough, was a dissenter, but the family of his mother were members of the Church of England, and her brother was a clergyman of that church. The house in which he was born, was originally an Inn, and known by

the sign of "The Black Horse." It was, as shown in the engraving, one of the many old-fashioned buildings which formerly existed in the ancient town of *Southburgh*,* with their high gables and overhanging walls, the upper stories projecting some two or three feet over the basements. When a local act was passed in 1825, for the improvement of the town, a clause was inserted, requiring that the houses which were to be thereafter built, "should be made to rise perpendicular from the foundations thereof." The late Sir Robert Peel, in a debate upon the disfranchisement of the borough, having occasion to refer to this local act, designated it as "a most extraordinary piece of legislation to compel people to build their houses upright." The great statesman's thoughts running more upon the bribery and corruption of the place than its overhanging stories, he appeared almost to doubt whether the political deviations from the upright had not extended even to the construction of the freemen's dwellings, and to imagine that they had been either built or warped, after the manner of the leaning tower at Pisa.

The Grammar School at Sudbury, founded in 1491 and still standing, was in Gains-

* Sudbury was so called in opposition to Norwich—the Northburgh.

Gainsborough's Birth place, Sudbury 1727.

borough's boyhood kept by his uncle, the Rev. Humphry Burroughs, curate of the Church of St. Gregory. It was here that the embryo Painter received his education:

> The bench on which he sat, while deep employed,
> Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed,
> The wall on which he tried his graving skill,
> The very name he carved existing still.

Near his initials is a deep cut figure in the mouldering wall, an evident caricature of the schoolmaster, which it requires no very great stretch of imagination to attribute to the pen-knife of Master Gainsborough.

Sudbury being one of the first towns in which Edward III settled the Flemish weavers who taught the English their art, a number of ancient buildings, denominated wool-halls, existed within living memory. The chief manufactures were "says" and "crapes," both made of yarn spun from combed wool, and differing from each other principally in quality and substance. Gainsborough's father was engaged in this trade. In the deed of conveyance of the house in which the Painter was born, dated May 1722, Mr. Gainsborough is described as a milliner; in a mortgage deed about three years later, he is mentioned as a clothier; and in 1735 when there were further dealings with the property,

he is designated a crape-maker. In person, Mr. Gainsborough is represented by his descendants as "a fine old man, who wore his hair carefully parted, and was remarkable for the whiteness and regularity of his teeth." According to the custom of the last century, when in full dress, he always wore a sword, and was an adroit fencer, possessing the fatal facility of using his weapon in either hand. He introduced into Sudbury the shroud trade from Coventry, which he managed to keep in his own connexion for some time, by the mystery in which he enveloped it. This monopoly he found extremely profitable, and not only travelled himself into distant counties to take orders, but employed a young man named Burr (whose sister the Painter married) as a travelling agent to assist him in his mercantile pursuits. On one occasion, when in his untaxed cart which contained, besides samples of the dresses for the dead, a keg of smuggled brandy for the comfort of the living, some vague information of his supposed delinquencies was given to a revenue officer, who, on a bright moonlight night, took occasion to enquire what he had in his cart? "I'll show you," was the ready answer, and catching up a shroud he enveloped his tall

figure in the ghostly dress, to the astonishment and speedy departure of his weak-nerved nocturnal visitor.

Mr. Gainsborough occasionally extended his travels into France and Holland. His business at that period was very extensive, but he lost much by bad debts, owing to that kindness of heart which would not allow him to press for payment when his debtors were in difficulties. He also resolutely refused to avail himself of a practice common in the trade, of taking what is termed "toll" from the spinners' earnings, which amounted to nearly one third of their small weekly wages. The old gentleman brought up a large, and, with the single exception of his youngest son Thomas who supported himself after he was eighteen, a very expensive family, consisting of nine children, five sons and four daughters. The latter were all married: Mary, to a dissenting minister of Bath, named Gibbon; Susannah, to Mr. Gardiner of the same gay city; Sarah married Mr. Dupont, and Elizabeth, Mr. Bird, both of Sudbury, where they lived and died. In the next chapter we purpose giving a few particulars of the Painter's brothers, John, Humphry, Matthias, and Robert. Some of the family portraits by Gainsborough,

are still in the possession of his relative, Mr. Dupont of Sudbury. Gainsborough's father died Oct. 29th, 1748, aged sixty-five, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Gregory, Sudbury, where a stone is erected to his memory.

The Painter's mother, whose maiden name was Burroughs, was a woman of a well cultivated mind, and, amongst other accomplishments, excelled in flower painting. Did her painter boy imbibe his love of the art from his mother's beautiful copies? She affectionately encouraged him in his juvenile attempts at drawing, and lived to see her fondest wishes realized in her son's acknowledged eminence in that pursuit which she had probably been the means of first awakening. Gainsborough was high in fame at Bath when his mother died; she was buried in the cemetery of the Independent Meeting-house, Sudbury, on the 24th of May, 1769.

The dilapidated and antique buildings, which, as we have said, in Gainsborough's boyhood encumbered and disfigured the streets of his native town, were in the eyes of the Painter positive beauties, from the same artistic feeling which made him say to a Lutanist, who objected to sit to him on account of his week's redundant beard, "do you

think if Vandyke were going to paint you, he would have you shaved?" Its then unpaved thoroughfares were at irregular intervals encroached upon by uncouth porches, ornamented with carvings still more uncouth, antediluvian monsters and zoological-defying griffins, whose antiquity was their only recommendation. Doubtless these curious figures often attracted the notice of the young Painter on his way to school, and probably employed his earliest pencil. He told Thicknesse,* his first patron, that "there was not a picturesque clump of trees, nor even a single tree of any beauty, no, nor hedge-row, stem, or *post*" in or around his native town, which was not from his earliest years, treasured in his memory.

The house in which Gainsborough was born had a spacious and well-planted orchard annexed to it, and several of the trees are still standing that were there in the Painter's boyhood. Amongst them is the Pear-tree, the robbery of which, as will be hereafter related, furnished his first attempt at portrait painting.

* Sketch of the Life and Paintings of Thomas Gainsborough, Esq., by Philip Thicknesse. London: Fores, 1788. The style of this curious publication is so defiant of all the rules of composition that alterations for grammar's sake have been occasionally made in the quotations. The Author desires to acknowledge the courtesy of an unknown friend who sent him a M.S. copy from the British Museum.

Some twelve years ago, drawings of this house, that in which he died, and the Church at Kew, where he was interred, were sent by the Author to his old and valued friend Bernard Barton, an ardent admirer of the paintings of Gainsborough. They suggested to the Bard of Woodbridge the following poem:—

GAINSBOROUGH'S HAUNTS.

"Call it not vain! they do not err
Who say that when the Poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;"
Nor should we less the memory prize
Of him, whose imitative art,
Transcripts of nature still supplies,
To charm the eye, and touch the heart.

And, tried by this unerring test,
Thine, Gainsbro' is no transient thrall;
Scenes by thy magic pencil drest,
From many an else blank, lifeless wall,
Yet plead for thee; and at their call,
Love, admiration, fondly wake,
In lowly Cot, or lordly Hall,
To honour thee, for nature's sake.

Most wisely has thy genius plann'd
Works that have shed around thy name,
Throughout thy lov'd and native land,
A Painter's—and a Patriot's fame!
For well *he* plays a Patriot's part,
And every Patriot's thanks hath won,
Who honours, by his noble art,
His country's worth—as thou hast done!

And for this cause we would enshrine,
With grateful homage, justly due,
Each haunt a memory priz'd as thine,
Has made no common vulgar view:

Giving, in pictured semblance true,
The House antique where thou wast born—
The Orchard, where thy boyhood drew
"Tom Peartree" in life's early morn.

To these we add—what could we more?
The Pile which saw thy mortal close,
The Churchyard where, time's conflicts o'er,
Thy reliques quietly repose:
There, till the grave with teeming throes,
Hear the last trumpet's echoing breath,
Shalt thou partake the lot of those
Whose memories triumph over death!

Painter, farewell! 'mid scenes that nurst
Thy genius, where thy youthful eye
First studied nature, and where first
Thy hand aspir'd its skill to try—
Fain would a Suffolk Poet vie
In praise of merit like thine own;
And gratefully, in passing by,
Thus throw upon thy cairn a stone.

Not far from Gainsborough's garden stood the ruins of the palace of Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1375, who was beheaded by the rabble in Wat Tyler's rebellion. In Gainsborough's childhood it was occupied as the parish Poor-house—"to what vile uses may we come, Horatio." Many a time must the embryo Painter have sketched its gothic arches, nodding to their fall, the elaborate tracery of its ruined windows, entwined with the ivy green; and many a time must he have stood in boyish wonder before the grim head of the Archbishop, which is enclosed in a niche in the wall of the adjacent Church of St. Gregory.

Whilst there was so much that was picturesque in the town of Sudbury, the surrounding country was not deficient in grace or beauty. The woodman's axe had not then thinned the old ancestral trees, nor had the railway broken in upon its rustic retirement. Constable, nurtured amid the same scenery, dwells with lingering fondness on "its gentle declivities, its luxuriant meadow-flats sprinkled with flocks and herds, its well cultivated uplands, its woods and rivers, with numerous scattered villages and churches, farms and picturesque cottages." These scenes of his boyhood, he was wont to say, made him a painter; and they were not without their influence on the warm heart of Gainsborough. His pencil has often portrayed the most striking features of his native landscapes, as in *A View near Sudbury*, and *A View of Henny Church;* the former exhibited at the British Institution in 1814, the latter in 1831. The river Stour, which, in its course to the ocean, follows Hogarth's line of beauty in all its graceful variety, was ever dear to him; and fifty years intercourse with the world, and long acquaintance with far nobler streams, enriched with far grander scenery, could not alienate his affections from the river of his boyhood.

CHAPTER II.

Gainsborough's Brothers.

THAT a Prophet is without honor in his own country, and in his father's house, bears the impress of inspiration. The Editor of the Life of Robert Hall informs us, that when he visited the birthplace of that eloquent divine, for the purpose of procuring biographical information, he found the minds of the good people of Arnsbey, much more impressed with admiration of the comparatively unknown sire, than of the highly-gifted son. The elder Mr. Hall was also a Baptist minister, and one of his venerable hearers, after some depreciatory remarks upon the strange notions of the son, observed: "The father, sir, was the preacher; he was the man to keep pounding away at a sinner's conscience, till he made him

feel." Had the biographer of Gainsborough visited Sudbury upon a similar mission, he would have found the Painter's eccentric brother John, or as he was familiarly called "Scheming Jack," much more freshly remembered than the Royal Academician with all his wide-spread celebrity. John Gainsborough's reputation, however, was acquired not so much by what he achieved, as by what he attempted and failed to accomplish. Like the young member of parliament ridiculed by Sheridan, although often "conceiving" he "brought forth nothing." Gainsborough used pleasantly to say, that he never knew John to *finish* anything. "Curse it," was the Schemer's familiar phrase when foiled in any of his undertakings, "some little thing was wrong; if I had but gone on with it I am sure I should have succeeded, but a new scheme came across me." Fortunately for the business of the world, his schemes were such as occur to the minds of few. He abhorred the beaten track. He was continually endeavouring "to commit miracles in art, and treason against nature." We do not know that he ever turned alchemist, and laboured to discover the philosopher's stone, but with this exception, there was scarcely any delusion which did not influence him.

One of the schemes which occupied his mind was that of fabricating a pair of wings, and taking his flight away, away through fields of air. All his mechanical genius was taxed to construct them light enough to be opened and shut with ease, and yet strong enough to support the weight of his body. We doubt whether the reasoning which convinced Johnson's Rasselas of the possibility of flying, ever met the eye of John Gainsborough, but the sentiments were clearly his own: "He that can swim, needs not despair to fly—to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler." But here Johnson and Jack parted company. The Doctor thought the flexible, folding continuity of the bat's wing, most easily adapted to the human frame; Jack thought otherwise, and constructed his wings of metal. The difference of the material, however, made very little difference in the result. On a morning appointed, he appeared on the top of a neighbouring summer-house, a crowd of spectators having assembled to witness his ascent. Waving his pinions awhile to gather air, he leaped from its summit, and, in an instant, dropped into a ditch close by, and was drawn out amidst shouts of laughter, half dead with fright and vexation.

Amongst other acquirements John had some knowledge of painting, but his patrons, it seems, were not remarkable for their generosity or discrimination. Upon one occasion he was waited on by the landlord of a village inn, known as "The Bull," who was ambitious of having a new sign "by Gainsborough," but restricted the price to twenty shillings. John demanded thirty: Boniface, however, was inexorable—he would not advance a single sixpence. The artist described in glowing colors the prospective merits of the picture, and, in addition to other recommendations, mentioned that the Bull should be drawn fastened down with a gold chain, worth in itself ten shillings. Still the landlord would not raise his terms. The bargain was struck, the sign painted and hung up before the alehouse, where it swung to and fro, the admiration of the villagers and the envy of all the other publicans, till a heavy shower falling one night washed out every vestige of the animal. In the morning the Bull had vanished—disappearing as suddenly as the warriors of Roderick Dhu:

> The sun's last rays had glinted back,
> From his bright sides of polished black,
> The next, all unreflected shone
> On the bare board,—the Bull was gone!

The landlord in great wrath waited upon Scheming Jack for an explanation. "It is your own fault," said the indignant painter, "I would have chained him down for ten shillings and you would not let me, the Bull therefore, finding himself at liberty has run away." The fact was that he had purposely painted the sign in distemper instead of oil, which the first shower washed out.

Apart from his eccentricities and chimerical schemes, John Gainsborough had unquestionable skill in mechanics, but lacking perseverance it proved of little use to him. Thicknesse, in his "Sketch of the Life of Thomas Gainsborough," published shortly after the Painter's death in 1788, gives the following characteristic account of this singular man: "I never saw John Gainsborough but once, and that is more than twenty years ago, but passing through Sudbury, where he has always resided, I visited him as a friend of his brother, but previous to seeing him, I sat an hour with his wife—asked her whether Mr. Gainsborough, her brother, did not assist them? 'Oh yes!' said she, 'he often sends us five guineas; but the instant my husband gets it, he lays it all out in brass work to discover the longitude.' At that instant her

longitudinal husband appeared—he would not suffer me even to tell him my name, or that I was a friend of his brother, but brought forth his curious brass work, and after showing me how nearly it was completed, observed that he only wanted two guineas to buy brass to finish it. I could hardly determine whether his deranged imagination, or his wonderful ingenuity, was most to be admired; but I informed him that I had not capacity to conceive the genius of his unfinished work, and therefore wished him to shew me such as was completed. He then shewed me a cradle which rocked itself, a cuckoo which would sing all the year round, and a wheel that turned in a still bucket of water. He informed me that he had visited Mr. Harrison and his time-piece;* 'but,' said he, 'Harrison made no account of me in my shabby coat, for he had Lords and Dukes with him. After he had shown the Lords that a great motion to the machine would no ways affect its regularity, I whispered him to give it a

* Harrison made a time-keeper in 1759, which in two voyages was found to correct the longitude within the limits required by the Act of Parliament, 12th Anne, 1714; and in 1763, applied for the reward of £20,000. offered by that Act, which he received. John Gainsborough forwarded his time-keeper to the proper authorities, and although the result did not fully answer his expectations, a sum of money was awarded him for his ingenuity.

a *gentle* motion; Harrison started, and in return whispered me to stay, as he wanted to speak to me after the rest of the company were gone.' I then took my leave of this very eccentric and unfortunate man, without giving him the two guineas he solicited, and now lament that he has lost the aid of his excellent brother, for, alas! without aid he cannot subsist, and must be verging upon, if not fourscore years of age, for he said he was several years older than his brother Thomas."

In John Gainsborough's declining years, the ruling passion appeared to gather strength, and he would stand by the hour together, drawing diagrams with his stick on the sanded floor, indifferent to all that was passing around him. At length he determined that he must go to the East Indies to prove his invention for the discovery of the longitude, and had reached London on his way thither, when he was taken ill and died. After his decease, his house at Sudbury was found nearly filled with brass and tin models of every shape and form, most of them in an unfinished state.

Humphry Gainsborough, the Painter's second brother, settled as a dissenting Minister at Henley-upon-Thames. Like his brother

John, he possessed great mechanical skill, and his brief history, interesting in itself, is also important as tending to show how largely that essential element in the genius of a Painter was developed in his family. Mr. Edgeworth, the father of the distinguished authoress, a gentleman possessing considerable knowledge of mechanics, was intimately acquainted with Humphry Gainsborough, of whom he says in his Memoirs, that he had "never known a man of a more inventive mind." As a proof of the justness of this remark, we may mention that his experiments upon the steam engine were far in advance of his time. Indeed, it was stated by his family and friends, that Watt owed to him one of his great and fundamental improvements, that of condensing the steam in a separate vessel. Certain it is that Mr. Gainsborough had constructed a working model of a steam engine, to which his discoveries were applied, and that a stranger, evidently well acquainted with mechanics, and supposed to be connected with Watt as an engineer, was on a visit at Henley and called upon him, to whom he unsuspectingly showed his model and explained its novelties. His relatives have assured the Author that such was the fact, and that the circumstance of

having thus lost the credit of his discovery, made a deep and melancholy impression upon his mind. The truth of this statement receives also strong corroboration from the remarks of Thicknesse, who says: "Mr. Gainsborough" (the Painter) "gave me, after the death of his clergyman brother, the model of his steam engine: that engine alone would have furnished a fortune to all the Gainsboroughs and their descendants, had not that unsuspicious, good-hearted man, let a cunning, designing artist see it, and who surreptitiously carried it off in his mind's eye." Watt obtained his first patent for performing condensation in a separate vessel from the cylinder, in 1769; it was renewed in 1775. Humphry Gainsborough died in 1776.

His reputation depends not, however, upon the partial kindness of friends. There is in the British Museum a sun-dial of very curious workmanship, presented by Thicknesse, who describes it "as capable of pointing the hour to a second, in any part of the world; it stands upon three brass claws, and has the name, *Humphry Gainsborough*, deeply cut in it."*

* Mr. Edgeworth also alludes to this ingenious piece of mechanism. "Amongst other contrivances by Mr. Gainsborough," he observes, "I remember to have seen a dial, which shewed time distinctly to one minute, without the assistance of wheel-work or microscopes."

He anticipated the modern invention of fire-proof boxes, and presented one of his own construction to a friend. Its utility was put to the test, the house being shortly after destroyed by fire, when the box was dug out of the smouldering ruins, and its contents were found uninjured. For a tide-mill of his invention he obtained a premium of fifty pounds from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts. These contrivances were the employment of Mr. Gainsborough's leisure hours, and were never suffered to interfere with his sacred duties. So exemplary was he in the performance of them, and so generally beloved, that some gentlemen of high rank in the neighbourhood of Henley, offered him preferment if he would enter the Established Church. But his reply was similar to her's, who refused to be spoken for to the king or to the captain of the host: "I dwell among mine own people." The death of this ingenious and worthy man was awfully sudden, reminding us of that of a late lamented statesman. He had accepted an invitation to dine with some friends at a short distance from his own residence, and not making his appearance at the time appointed, they went in search of him, and found him lying dead by the road side.

A monument is erected to his memory in the chapel where he laboured so long and usefully.

Of Gainsborough's remaining brothers—Matthias and Robert, little is recorded. The former died in youth; while running out of a room with a fork in his hand he suddenly fell, and the prongs entering his forehead, death ensued. Robert resided in Lancashire; but we know not what was his calling, or whether he was a participator in the talent which distinguished the other members of his family. It is current, that he eloped with his first wife, that he was twice married, and that he *had* three children.

CHAPTER III.

Early Years.

If Gainsborough's mother had belonged to that happily almost obsolete class,

> Who e'en in infancy decree,
> What this, what t'other son shall be,

his early predilection for drawing would doubtless have guided her judgment. Thicknesse, always guiltless of chronology, says that "the *first* effort Gainsborough made with a pencil, was a group of trees," which he presented to his patron; in whose opinion it was such "a wonderful performance as not to be unworthy of a place in one of the Painter's best landscapes." But there never was a boy-painter—the Art requires a long apprenticeship, being mechanical as well as intellectual.* "At the same time," continues Thicknesse,

* Constable.

"that he gave me this his maiden drawing, it was accompanied with a great many sketches of trees, rocks, shepherds, ploughmen, and pastoral scenes, drawn on slips of paper or old dirty letters, which he called his *riding school.*" Whatever may have been the merit of these particular drawings, and whenever the period of their production, it is certain, from the remark of Thicknesse which we quoted in our first chapter, that Gainsborough was distinguished when but a child, for a habit of observation. Allan Cunningham says, that "at ten years old, Gainsborough had made some progress in sketching, and at twelve, was a confirmed painter."*

Before the close of his first decade, he was placed at the Grammar School of his uncle, the Rev. Humphry Burroughs, whose wife was a daughter of the learned Dr. Busby. Presuming, perhaps, on the forbearance of his relative, most of the hours which should have been devoted to study, were employed in making rude sketches on the covers of his books, and when they were filled, those of his schoolfellows were put in requisition, who were delighted with his ready pencil, and proud to have them thus adorned. Whilst

* The Lives of the British Painters. Vol. I.

he was engaged in sketching some well-remembered landscape or laughter-loving face, they busied themselves in preparing his arithmetical exercises, and extracted the cube roots of the vulgar fractions with an accuracy which completely imposed upon his worthy relative, leaving young Gainsborough at liberty to pursue his ruling passion. His father, actively employed in business, was for some time unacquainted with the peculiar talent of his son, when an accidental circumstance, which at first occasioned the old gentleman considerable uneasiness, discovered it to him. Thomas was never so well pleased as when he could obtain a holiday and set off with his pencil and sketch-book, on a long summer day's ramble through the rich hanging woods which skirted his native town. An expected treat of the kind having been refused him, the boy determined not to be disappointed, presented to his uncle the usual strip of paper, "Give Tom a holiday," in which his father's handwriting was so closely imitated that not the slightest suspicion of the forgery ever entered the mind of Mr. Burroughs. Gainsborough accordingly set off on his rustic excursion, animated by that feeling of trembling hope which makes playing the truant, like other for-

bidden pleasures, such an exciting treat. He returned in the evening, his paper filled with woodland scenery: there were sketches of oaks and elms of majestic growth, clumps of trees and winding glades, sunny nooks and running water, that plainly indicated his love of the art. But, alas, something had occurred during his absence which caused an inquiry to be instituted, and Tom was returned "absent without leave." Although he had copied his father's autograph so cleverly, the trick was found out, and the old gentleman, having a most mercantile dread of the fatal facility of imitating a signature, involuntarily exclaimed, "Tom will one day be hanged." When, however, he was informed how the truant school-boy had employed his stolen hours, and his son's multifarious sketches were laid before him, he changed his mind, and with a father's pride, declared, "Tom will be a genius."

At the back of the house in which Gainsborough was born, there was, as we have observed, a spacious orchard. It was separated only by a slight fence from the public road, and the clusters of ripe fruit had long proved too strong a temptation for some of the passers-by. But no clue could be obtained likely to lead to the detection of the culprits, until one morning,

young Gainsborough having risen very early, proceeded to a rustic summer house at the further end of the orchard, and there commenced a sketch of one of the picturesque trees in the enclosure. Whilst thus employed, he observed a man's face peeping over the fence and looking most wistfully at the mellow pears. The youthful portrait-painter immediately made a sketch of his features, in which roguery and indolence, hope and fear, were happily blended; I dare not, evidently waited on, I would. After gazing about him, he proceeded to scale the fence and climb the tree, when Gainsborough emerged from his hiding place, and the man decamped. At breakfast, Tom related the story, and laid upon the table a faithful likeness of the marauder, who was immediately known to be a man living in Sudbury. On being sent for and taxed with the felonious intent, he stoutly denied it, till the boy produced the portrait, and shewed him how he looked when about to break the eighth commandment. This juvenile effort was preserved for many years, and Gainsborough ultimately made a finished painting of it, under the title of "Tom Pear-tree's Portrait." In the meridian of his fame, he often referred to it with those pleasurable

feelings with which we invariably look back on the efforts of our boyhood, before the sky is overcast by the gathering clouds which will flit across the brightness of our mid-day sun.

His friends now began to think that something might be made of a lad possessing so true an eye and so ready a hand. Consultations were held, opinions canvassed, and Mr. Burroughs (seeing that Thomas had made such progress in his studies!) recommended his removal to London. Accordingly, in his fifteenth year, Gainsborough left Sudbury for the great metropolis. "The person at whose house he principally resided," observes a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine,* "was a silversmith of some taste, and from him, Gainsborough was ever ready to confess he derived great assistance." It was, probably, this silversmith who procured him an introduction to Gravelot the engraver, under whose instructions he acquired some skill in the art, which in after life he occasionally practised.† Mr. Gravelot also obtained for him admission to the Academy in St. Martin's Lane; and, shortly after,

* August 1788.

† Gainsborough's biographers state that he etched but three prints: "one for his friend Kirby's Perspective; the second an oak-tree, with gipsies; and the third, a man ploughing on the side of a rising ground." Through the kindness of Mr. Constable of Arundel, the Editor is enabled to correct this mistake. That gentleman obli-

Gainsborough left his studio for that of Hayman, who was then esteemed the best historical painter in the kingdom. He was equally famous for his convivial habits. Cipriani, indeed, subsequently surpassed him as an artist, but Fleetwood never excelled him in a bottle contest. "In his private character," says one of the Editors of Pilkington, "Hayman possessed good qualities, but blended with vehehement passions that rendered his society disagreeable." He sought his amusement in taverns, clubs, and brothels. He was fond of athletic exercises, preferred the ring to the studio, Figg's amphitheatre to the Academy. Those who disputed his supremacy in matters of art, never questioned his ability to decide on the comparative merits of the boxers of Smithfield and Moorfields. It is said that he occasionally introduced his pugilistic practices into the painting room, and engaged in an

gingly sent him tracings from fifteen prints, designed and engraved by Gainsborough, representing other subjects than those enumerated. The originals, (in size about 14 in. by 10 in.) were published by Boydell shortly after the Painter's death, and chiefly illustrate English scenery. Those entitled *The Watering Place*—similar in its design to the well known picture in the Vernon Gallery—*Evening*, and *Repose* are very spiritedly executed, closely resembling his chalk drawings. Gainsborough's biographers further state "that he attempted two or three plates in aqua-tinta, bnt with little success." Mr. Constable has three prints by that process, which are far from being unsuccessful performances, one of them is most carefully finished.

encounter with a sitter, previous to the taking of his portrait. The coarseness of Hayman's mind appeared in his works, his figures were mannered and ungraceful, his pictures are rarely met with, and his name is now almost forgotten.*

From such an artist, and from such a man, Gainsborough could learn little of painting and less of morality. Whatever was questionable in his after conduct must, in a great measure, be attributed to his early removal from home-influence, and to Hayman's example. Whatever knowledge he acquired of his art, beyond its elements, was gained from other instructors than Hayman, and elsewhere than in the Academy in St. Martin's Lane. That institution indeed, could furnish a student with scanty means of improvement. Its members consisted for the most part of indifferent engravers, coach painters, scene painters, drapery painters—

* Smith, in his Life of Nollekens, relates the following characteristic anecdote: "Quin and Hayman were inseparable friends, and so convivial, that they seldom parted till daylight. One night, after 'beating the rounds,' and making themselves gloriously drunk, they attempted, arm in arm, to cross a kennel, into which they both fell, and when they had remained there a minute or two, Hayman, sprawling out his shambling legs, kicked Quin. 'Hollo! what are you at now?' stuttered Quin. 'At? why endeavouring to get up, to be sure,' replied the Painter, 'for this don't suit my *palate*.' 'Poh!' replied Quin, 'remain where you are, the watchman will come by shortly, and he will *take us both up*.'"

> Of men who might have made good jailors,
> Nightmen, or tolerable tailors,

and who dogmatised on the subject of art, while they understood few of its principles. Their absurd productions, their rules and doctrines, afforded infinite scope for the genius of Hogarth, who satirized them with his pencil, with his graver, and with his pen. "They follow," said he, "the standard so righteously and so laudably established by picture dealers, picture cleaners, picture frame-makers, and other connoisseurs." Nature had little part in their studies. Pictures were not looked upon as her interpreters. "The canvas was thrust between the student and the sky—tradition, between him and God." Truth, grace, and beauty, were, therefore, seldom found in their works. Coarseness and vulgarity characterised their portraits; lifelessness, their landscapes; and inconsistency, their historical designs. But the student was not long to be in bondage. A revolution in art was at hand. Wilson was now in London, and Reynolds was passing through the ordeal of Hudson's studio.*

Young as Gainsborough was, he could not but see the incompetency of the artists by

* Barry speaks of the state of English Art at this period as "disgraceful;" Fuseli, as "contemptible;" and Constable, as "degraded."

whom he was surrounded. Three years spent amid the works of the painters in St. Martin's Lane were not, however, without their influence upon his own productions; and it is not to be wondered at, that his "early portraits have very little to recommend them."* At the end of that period he resolved to begin the practice of Art for himself. He hired rooms in Hatton Garden, where he commenced painting landscapes, and portraits in a small size. The former he sold to picture dealers at their own terms; for the latter, his price was from three to five guineas. He also practised modelling, and attained to great excellence in his figures of cows, dogs, and horses: "there was," it is said, "a cast in the plaister shops from an old horse that he modelled, which had peculiar merit." A year thus employed did not furnish very satisfactory results. Sitters were few; dealers proved poor paymasters; and clay figures yielded but little sustenance. He therefore determined to leave London; and packing up canvas and colors returned to his native town, from which he had been absent four years.

Gainsborough now began to study landscape, where only faultless painting can be

* European Magazine, August 1788.

found, in the woods and fields. The Suffolk ploughmen often saw him in the early morning, sketch-book in hand, brushing with hasty steps the dews away; and lingering in the golden light of evening, taking lessons from the sun-set clouds floating in changeful beauty, as if an angel's hand had traced the scene. One of these home landscapes hung for many years in the house where the Painter was born: it was purchased by the Author, and is certainly a pleasing performance, but does not indicate that extraordinary talent attributed to him in early life by Thicknesse.

"It happened," says Allan Cunningham, "in one of Gainsborough's pictorial excursions amongst the woods of Suffolk, that he sat down to make a sketch of some fine trees, with sheep reposing below and wood-doves roosting above, when a young woman entered unexpectedly upon the scene, and was at once admitted into the landscape and the feelings of the artist." This is truly a pretty picture but not correctly drawn. When the brilliant romance of life, fades into its dull reality, as Campbell says of the philosophic analysis of the rainbow—

> "Oh! what a lovely scene gives place
> To cold, material laws."

The young lady's name was Margaret Burr: her brother, as we have observed, was a commercial traveller in the establishment of Gainsborough's father, and this, as a matter of course, led to an acquaintance with the family. The memory of Miss Burr's extraordinary beauty is still preserved in Sudbury; and that a beautiful girl should wish to have her portrait painted by her brother's young friend, naturally followed as cause and effect. The sittings were numerous and protracted, but the likeness was at last finished, and pronounced by competent judges, perfect. The young lady expressed her warm admiration of the Painter's skill, and in doing so, gave him the gentlest possible hint, that perhaps in time he might become the possessor of the original. On that hint he spake, and, after a short courtship, was rewarded by her hand and with it an annuity of two hundred pounds. Considerable obscurity hung over the source of this income. Gainsborough's daughters told the Author's informant, that "they did not know any thing about it; the money was regularly transmitted through a London bank, and placed to Mrs. Gainsborough's private account." Allan Cunningham in remarking upon this subject, observes—"Mrs. Gainsborough

was said to be the natural daughter of one of our exiled princes; nor was she, when a wife and a mother, desirous of having this circumstance forgotten. On an occasion of household festivity, when her husband was high in fame, she vindicated some little ostentation in her dress, by whispering to her niece—now Mrs. Lane: 'I have some right to this, for you know, my love, I am a prince's daughter.'" The late Mr. Thomas Green of Ipswich, a gentleman much esteemed by Sharon Turner for his literary abilities, has the following entry in his Diary of a Lover of Literature: "Much chat with Mrs. Dupins, respecting Gainsborough, who lived here . . . . his wife Margaret, natural daughter of the Duke of Bedford."* But from whatever source derived, the annuity placed the newly-married pair in comfortable circumstances, first, in Friars' Street, Sudbury, and soon after in Ipswich. Gainsborough was in his nineteenth year, and his wife a year younger. When they were expected home, an old servant of the family was sent by Gainsborough's father to meet the bride and bridegroom. On his return,

* Thicknesse, who had a most implacable hatred of Mrs. Gainsborough, styles her—"a pretty Scots girl, of low birth, who by the luck of the day, had an annuity settled upon her for life of two hundred pounds."

announcing their near approach, the old man gave it as his opinion, that "Master Tommy's wife was handsomer than Madam Kedington" —then the belle of the Sudbury neighbourhood.

CHAPTER IV.

Ipswich.

Not presuming on his youth, talents, or the annuity, Gainsborough, about six months after his marriage, hired a small house in Brook Street, Ipswich, at a yearly rent of six pounds. He found the inhabitants of that town occupied with other matters than the Fine Arts; that their idea of the picturesque was the factory or the wharf; their line of beauty, their line of business; and their constant enquiry—

> What ships arrived? and, how are stocks to-day?
> Who's dead? who's broken? and, who's run away?

In the course of time, however, a commission came. A wealthy Squire in the vicinity, having heard that Gainsborough, the painter,

was in Ipswich, sent one of his servants with a message that he desired to speak to him. Gainsborough speedily attended the summons, picturing to himself in the meanwhile the nature of the work he might be required to perform, whether a family portrait, or view of the domain which included a noble mansion, lofty and picturesque trees with deer in abundance grazing beneath the spreading foliage. Arrived at the Hall, he was ushered into the presence of his new patron, who received him, as patrons are accustomed to receive their protégés. Gainsborough was not surprised at this reception, and only thought of the business for which he was required. The Squire having opened a window leading to the lawn, requested the Painter to follow him, as the latter not unreasonably thought, to point out some advantageous spot from which to take a view of the mansion. He listened to what seemed a rambling calculation as to the dimensions of the doors and windows, the number of palings round the house, the broken panes in the garrets and hot-house, till the Squire turning to Gainsborough, requested his estimate for repairing the whole. Some moments elapsed before the awful conviction struck the aspiring genius, that he had been mistaken for a *painter*

and glazier! A look of scorn at the Squire concluded the scene, and turning on his heel, Gainsborough left him to discover his error.

Patronage, even of the plumbing and glazing kind, seldom disturbed Gainsborough's leisure; and he had ample opportunity for gratifying his love of nature. A new phase of scenery now presented itself. At Sudbury, his pencil had been chiefly employed in sketching peasant children, rustic cottages, and sunny lanes; but here less homely subjects composed the landscape. Instead of the river Stour with its green pastures, its stunted pollards and drooping willows, the old majestic Orwell, celebrated in the verse of Chaucer and Drayton, held on its noiseless course; its waters bearing along to the ocean the light skiff and the lazy collier-boat; its banks bordered by gently rising hills, enriched with stately mansions and noble trees; whilst the country around, gradually deserted by hall and home, spread before the view an endless variety of scene. Gainsborough was not unmindful of these advantages, and earnestly sought to improve them. He did not merely make his sketch-book the companion of his walks; he carried his palette into the open air, and painted with the living object before him.

Every striking combination of foliage, every picturesque group of figures that met his eye, was at once noted down; the numerous studies he now made, abundantly proving the truth of Reynolds' remark, "there is no easy method of becoming a good painter."*

One day as he was sketching near Freston Tower on the banks of the Orwell, a stranger who was passing, paused to watch the progress of his pencil, and after looking on in silence for a few minutes, introduced himself to Gainsborough as "Joshua Kirby." A warm friendship, strengthened by kindred pursuits, commenced between them.† Many a long day's ramble they took together; many a sketch was made of the quaint old house in the Butter Market, Ipswich; and many a winter evening did they spend in each other's company, discoursing on the art they loved, whilst the future Mrs. Trimmer, perchance, sat draw-

* Mrs. Edgar of the Red House, Ipswich, is in the possession of several admirable water-color drawings executed by Gainsborough at this period, and given by him to one of her ancestors. It may be mentioned, as tending to show how carefully the Painter prepared his studies notwithstanding their apparent want of elaboration, that the object of two of these drawings is simply to illustrate the effect of sunbeams piercing through clouds in opposite directions.

† Joshua Kirby had some talent for landscape painting, and, when President of the Society of Artists, exhibited one or two pictures. But it was in the study of perspective, that he most distinguished himself.

ing by their side.* When Mr. Kirby published his treatise upon perspective,† with a frontispiece by Hogarth intended to show the absurdities committed by those who attempt to design without a knowledge of the science, Gainsborough etched one of the plates; "but, it is curious to observe," says Chalmers, "that what little of perspective is introduced is totally false."

Mr. Kirby left Ipswich to settle in London about the year 1753, and subsequently placed his only son, William, a youth of great promise, with Gainsborough. In a letter written shortly after his son's arrival in Ipswich, urging him to the practice of religion, Mr. Kirby observes: "My letter may serve as Sunday meditation, and let no one see it except Master W—, the companion of your studies." Who Master W—, was, cannot now be ascertained; but the fact of Gainsborough having had pupils, which Edwards in his "Anecdotes of Painters" says was not known, is thus established. Sarah Kirby, writing to her brother about the same period, impresses upon him the necessity of politeness, and in so doing

* Mrs. Sarah Trimmer was a daughter of Joshua Kirby. She early acquired a knowledge of drawing, and for one of her productions obtained a prize from the Society of Artists.

† Dr. Brook Taylor's Method of Perspective made easy.

bears testimony to Gainsborough's gentlemanly demeanour. "Having," she says, "so good an example to copy after, I imagine you improve very much in politeness." On leaving Gainsborough, young Kirby was, through the munificence of King George III, sent to complete his studies in Italy; but within a few months after his return, a sudden death removed him from his friends, and from those honors and emoluments which would surely have been his. Mr. Kirby did not long survive the loss of his son. His death was deeply mourned by Gainsborough, who expressed a wish that whenever he died, his body might be buried by the side of his friend.

Scarcely had he been deprived of Joshua Kirby's society, by the latter's departure for London, when it was his destiny to become acquainted with a gentleman, of whom, having materially influenced the course of the Painter's life, and moreover attempted to fill the office of his biographer, some account is necessary. Philip Thicknesse, with whose name the reader is already familiar, was ushered into the world under circumstances singularly advantageous, yet they proved to him positive misfortunes. Descended from an ancient family and possessed of high connexions,

these things only served to call attention to his follies and to make his failings conspicuous. Handsome and insolent, a soldier and a bully, the father of a peer and a scandaliser of the nobility, he abused every privilege and neglected no opportunity of self-injury. He had, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of lessening the number of his friends, and increasing the number of his enemies. He was perpetually imagining insult, and would sniff an injury from afar. Explanation, concession, apology, every thing that would satisfy a gentleman, would not satisfy Philip Thicknesse. Contention was essential to his existence. Presented with a commission in early life, almost the first use he made of it was to fight a duel. He obtained promotion, and libelled his superior officer. Imprisonment could not teach him wisdom, for at the expiration of the term of his confinement, his liberty again served as a cloak for maliciousness. At length, having lost friends, health, and fortune, he could think of no better method of revenging himself on mankind than by publishing his biography,* wherein his spites, his bickerings, his disappointments, the ill-natured things he

* Memoirs and Anecdotes of Philip Thicknesse, late Lieutenant Governor of Landguard Fort, and *unfortunately* father to George Touchet, Baron Audley, 3 vols. Printed for the Author, 1788.

did, the mistakes he made, the worth he insulted, are recorded with a minuteness which his most malignant enemy might have envied. How he cured Lord Thurlow of bile, and quarrelled with him about payment; how he was entrusted with the care of two young ladies in France, and how he confined them in a convent because their dog made a meal of Mrs. Thicknesse's paroquet; how he befriended an eminent actor in early life, and how ungrateful it was of him not to subscribe for a copy of the "Memoirs;" how he was entrusted with some private letters of Lady Wortley Montague, and how Lord Erskine wheedled him out of the secret of their address; how he got himself into the Queen's Bench Prison, and how his release was hailed by the Scotchman who attempted to assassinate Wilkes, and by the veritable Cock Lane Ghost—all these things are told with a solemn gravity, expectant not merely of attention, but of sympathy, approval, and applause. With more than the weakness of Johnson's Biographer, he had none of his reverence and devotion. Scarcely a Boswell in intellect, he was a Steevens in heart.

It could be no ordinary circumstance that would bring such a man and Gainsborough

together: the occasion of their first meeting was somewhat singular. "Soon after Mr. Gainsborough's removal to Ipswich," says Thicknesse, "I was appointed Lieut. Governor of Landguard Fort, not far distant, and while I was walking with the then printer and editor of the Ipswich Journal, in a very pretty town garden of his, I perceived a melancholy-faced countryman, with his arms locked together, leaning over the garden wall. I pointed him out to the printer, who was a very ingenious man, and he with great gravity of face, said the man had been there all day, that he pitied him, believing he was either mad or miserable. I then stepped forward with an intention to speak to the madman, and did not perceive, till I was close up, that it was a wooden man painted upon a shaped board.* Mr. Creighton (I think that was the printer's name) told me I had not been the only person this inimitable deception had imposed upon, for that many of his acquaintance had been led even to speak to it, before they perceived it to be a piece of art; and upon finding the artist himself lived in that town, I immediately procured his address, visited

* Notwithstanding the lapse of a century, this figure is still preserved. It was discovered, some years ago, in an old summer-house on the premises which Gainsborough had occupied.

Mr. Gainsborough, and told him I came to chide him for having imposed a shadow instead of a substance upon me. Mr. Gainsborough received me in his painting room, in which stood several portraits, truly drawn, perfectly like, but stiffly painted, and worse colored, among them was the late Admiral Vernon's,* for it was not many years after he had taken Porto Bello, with six ships only; but when I turned my eyes to his little landscapes and drawings, I was charmed, these were the works of fancy and gave him infinite delight."

After the Lieut. Governor had thus introduced himself, he fastened his parasitical patronage upon the Artist, till at length it well nigh choked him, "I and my king," was modesty personified, compared with what "I did for Gainsborough." "I can with truth boast that I was the first man who perceived, though through clouds of bad coloring, what an accurate eye he possessed, and the truth of his drawings, and who dragged him from the obscurity of a country town, at a time that all his neighbours were as ignorant of his great talents as he was himself." Unique Thicknesse! Before Gainsborough was fifteen years old, Mr.

* Mc Ardell's print from this portrait does not bear Thicknesse out in his statement as to the stiffness of the Admiral's attitude.

Burroughs had perceived what an accurate eye the boy possessed, for he had recommended his studying the art in London; and Gainsborough's father must have seen "the truth of his drawings," since he had permitted his son to follow painting as a profession.

"Soon after my introduction to Mr. Gainsborough," continues Thicknesse, "the late king passed by the garrisons under my command, and as I wanted a subject to employ Mr. Gainsborough's pencil in the landscape way, I desired him to come and eat a dinner with me, and to take down in his pocket-book, the particulars of the Fort, the adjacent hills, and the distant view of Harwich, in order to form a landscape of the Yachts passing the garrison under the salute of the guns, of the size of a panel over my chimney piece; he accordingly came, and in a short time after brought the picture. I was much pleased with the performance, and asking him the price, he modestly said, he hoped I would not think fifteen guineas too much, I assured him that in my opinion it would, (if offered to be sold in London,) produce double that sum, and accordingly paid him, thanked him, and lent him an excellent fiddle; for I found, that he had as much taste for music, as he had

for painting, though he had then never touched a musical instrument, for at that time he seemed to envy even my poor talents as a fiddler, but before I got my fiddle home again, he had made such a proficiency in music, that I would as soon have painted against him, as to have attempted to fiddle against him. I believe, however, it was what I had said about the landscape, and Thomas Peartree's head, which first induced Mr. Gainsborough to suspect (for he only suspected it) that he had something more in him, which might be fetched out, he found he could fetch a good tone out of my fiddle, and why not out of his own palate? The following winter I went to London, and I suspected, for like Mr. Gainsborough, I only suspected, that my landscape had uncommon merit, I therefore took it with me, and as Mr. Major, the engraver, was then just returned from Paris, and esteemed the first artist in London in his way, I shewed it to him; he admired it so much, that I urged him for both their sakes as well as mine, to engrave a plate from it, which he seemed very willing to undertake, but doubted whether it would by its sale (as it was only a perspective view of the Fort) answer the expence; to obviate which, I offered to take ten guineas

worth of impressions myself; he then instantly agreed to it. The impression will show the merit of both artists; but alas! the picture, being left against a wall which had been made with salt water mortar, is perished and gone. That engraving made Mr. Gainsborough's name known beyond the circle of his country residence."*

Gainsborough's pencil was now occasionally employed in sketching the mansions and parks of the country gentlemen, and, more frequently, in portraying the persons of their wives and daughters. He was hospitably entertained at their houses, and money began to flow in. Amongst others, he visited the kindly abode of Mr. Hingeston, a clergyman residing near Southwold. That gentleman's son in a letter to a friend, observes: "I remember Gainsborough well, he was a great favorite of my father; indeed his affable and agreeable manners endeared him to all with whom his profession brought him in contact, either at the cottage or the castle; there was that peculiar bearing which could not fail to

* Mr. Deck of Ipswich, kindly afforded the Editor a sight of this scarce print. It represents a south-east view of the Fort, a most unpicturesque building, and wisely made to occupy but a small portion of the landscape. The foreground is relieved by various groups of figures and cattle, remarkable for their ease and grace.

leave a pleasing impression. Many houses in Suffolk, as well as in the neighbouring county, were always open to him, and their owners thought it an honour to entertain him. I have seen the aged features of the peasantry lit up with a grateful recollection of his many acts of kindness and benevolence. My father's residence bears testimony alike to his skill as a painter and his kindness as a man, for the panels of several of the rooms are adorned with the productions of his genius. In one, is a picture of Gainsborough's two daughters,* when young; they are engaged in chasing a butterfly; the arrangement of the figures, and the landscape introduced into the back ground, are of the most charming description. There are several other drawings, all in good preservation, and delineated in his happiest manner." A relative of Mr. Hingeston is the fortunate possessor of some of Gainsborough's works. Amongst them are two portraits, one, taken when he commenced painting, the other, executed towards the close of his career; affording ample means of marking his progress and improvement in the art.

At Colchester, also, Gainsborough found

* Margaret and Mary—Gainsborough's only children—born during his residence in Ipswich.

patrons, as will be seen from the two following letters, written by him, at the interval of a twelvemonth, to an attorney in that town:*

"Sir,

"I am favored with your obliging letter, and shall finish your picture in two or three days at farthest, and send to Colchester according to your order, with a frame. I thank you, Sir, for your kind intention of procuring me a few Heads to paint when I come over, which I purpose doing as soon as some of those are finished which I have in hand. I should be glad [if] you'd place your picture as far from the light as possible; observing to let the light fall from the left. Favor me with a faithful account of what is generally thought of it, and as to my bill, it will be time enough when I see you,

"Who am, Sir,

"Your most obed$^{t.}$ hum$^{e.}$ serv$^{t.}$,

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH.

"*Ipswich, Feb.* 24$^{th.}$ 1757."

* The address of the letter first quoted has been destroyed; and all that remains of the superscription of the other, is "ey at Law, in Colchester." They appear to be inscribed to the same person.

"Sir,

"I am favor'd with your obliging letter and return you many thanks for your kind intention; I thought I should have been at Colchester by this time, as I promis'd my sister* I would the first opportunity, but business comes in, and being chiefly in the Face way I'm afraid to put people off when they are in the mind to sit. You please me much by saying that no other fault is found in your picture than the roughness of the surface, for that part being of use in giving force to the effect at a proper distance, and what a judge of painting knows an original from a copy by; in short being the touch of the pencil, which is harder to preserve than smoothness, I am much better pleas'd that they should spy out things of that kind, than to see an eye half an inch out of its place, or a nose out of drawing when viewed at a proper distance. I don't think it would be more ridiculous for a person to put his nose close to the canvas and say the colours smell offensive, than to say how rough the paint lies; for one is just as material as the other with regard to hurting the effect and drawing of a picture. Sir Godfrey Kneller used to tell them that pictures were

* Mrs. Dupont.

not made to smell of; and what made his pictures more valuable than others with the connoisseurs, was his pencil or touch. I hope, Sir, you'll pardon this dissertation upon pencil and touch, for if I gain no better point than to make you and Mr. Clubb* laugh when you next meet at the sign of the Tankard, I shall be very well contented. I'm sure I could not paint his picture for laughing, he gave such a description of eating and drinking at that place. I little thought you were a Lawyer when I said, not one in ten was worth hanging. I told Clubb of that, and he seemed [to] think I was lucky that I did not say one in a hundred. It's too late to ask your pardon now, but really Sir I never saw one of your profession look so honest in my life, and that's the reason I concluded you were in the wool trade. Sir Jaspar Wood was so kind [as] to set me right, otherwise perhaps I should have made more blunders.

"I am,

"Sir, your most obed^{t}, & obliged hum. serv^{t},

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH.

"*Ipswich, Mar.* 13$^{th.}$ 1758."

* Probably, John Clubbe, an English divine, the author of a Tract (first published in 1758,) intended as a satire on conjectural Etymologists, entitled, "The History and Antiquities of the ancient Villa of Wheatfield."

At Ipswich, Gainsborough seems to have practised the convivial lessons which Hayman taught him in London. His kindness of disposition, ready wit, and professional skill, procured him many friends. One of his contemporaries, referring to some of these choice spirits, says—"pretty boys they all were in their day." Music was the favorite amusement of his leisure hours, and such was his fondness for it that he gave one or two concerts to his more intimate acquaintances. Constable affords us a glimpse of Gainsborough's love for the sister-art in a letter to Smith, the biographer of Nollekens, who was anxious to obtain from the Suffolk artist some particulars of Gainsborough's career in Ipswich:

"*East Bergholt, 7th May*, 1797.

"Dear Friend Smith,

"If you remember in my last, I promised to write again soon, and tell you what I could about Gainsborough. I hope you will not think me negligent when I inform you that I have not been able to learn anything of consequence respecting him: I can assure you it is not for the want of asking that I have not been successful, for indeed I

have talked with those who knew him. I believe in Ipswich they did not know his value till they lost him. He belonged to something of a musical club in that town, and painted some of their portraits in a picture of a choir; it is said to be very curious. I heard it was in Colchester; I shall endeavour to see it before I come to town, which will be soon. He was generally the butt of the company, and his wig was to them a fund of amusement, as it was often snatched from his head and thrown about the room, &c.; but enough of this, I shall now give you a few lines, verbatim, which my friend Dr. Hamilton, of Ipswich, was so good as to send me; though it amounts to nothing, I am obliged to him for taking the commission: 'I have not been neglectful of the inquiries respecting Gainsborough, but have learned nothing worth your notice. There is no vale or grove distinguished by his name in this neighbourhood.* There is a place up the river side where he often sat to sketch, on account of the beauty of the landscape, its extensiveness and richness in variety, both in the fore and back grounds. It comprehended Bramford and other distant villages on one

* Dr. Hamilton was mistaken. There is a picturesque lane, bearing Gainsborough's name, near Freston Tower, leading to the Orwell.

side; and on the other side of the river extended towards Nacton, &c. Freston alehouse must have been near, for it seems he has introduced the Boot sign-post in many of his best pictures. Smart and Frost (two drawing masters in Ipswich) often go there now to take views; whether they be inspired from pressing the same sod, with any of this great painter's genius, you are a better judge than I am. Farewell.'

"This, my dear friend, is the little all I have yet gained, but though I have been unsuccessful it does not follow that I should relinquish my inquiries. If you want to know the exact time of his birth, I will take a ride over to Sudbury, and look into the register. There is an exceeding fine picture of his painting at Mr. Kilderby's,* in Ipswich. * * *

"Thine sincerely,

"JOHN CONSTABLE."

The picture of the members of the Musical Club, to which allusion is made in the preceding letter, is still extant. "Though very slight and unfinished," remarks its possessor, Mr. Strutt, "it is exceedingly spirited, and is the more interesting as it was composed

* Or Kilderbee—an intimate friend of Gainsborough.

from memory. Immediately in front of the spectator are the portraits of Gainsborough himself, and his friend Captain Clarke, who is leaning familiarly on the Painter's shoulder. The heads of both are turned towards Wood, a dancing master, who is playing on the violin, accompanied on the violincello by one Mills. The latter figure is merely outlined, Gainsborough declaring that he 'could not recollect the expression of his phiz.' Gibbs, on the opposite side of a table which is standing in the centre, is sound asleep. There is a sly piece of satire in this, he being the only real musician in the party, and his sleeping would seem to indicate that the performance is not of first-rate quality. It is a candlelight scene, and by the condition of the table, some degree of conviviality appears to have prevailed. Gainsborough has his glass in his hand, that of Gibbs stands before him, as also does Clarke's, and one is overturned: a couple of lights are placed on each side of a music stand, before which are the two performers. The portrait of Gainsborough possesses much grace, and is very like that exhibited at the British Institution many years ago. He is dressed in a dark claret-colored coat; Clarke is in uniform; Wood, in blue; and Gibbs, in

sober grey. When Gainsborough was leaving Ipswich, his friends paid a last visit to his studio, and expressed a wish to have some memorial of his pencil. The good-natured artist complied. One took one sketch; another, another; and finally that I have been describing came into my father's hands."

Notwithstanding occasional musical recreation, Gainsborough steadily pursued the art he loved. His provincial reputation was indeed established. During his residence in Ipswich, he had deeply studied its scenery, and painted many more landscapes than he could dispose of. Although "chiefly in the face way," his sitters were not numerous; he was "afraid to put people off, when they were in the mind to sit." Under these circumstances, a change of scene could not but be advantageous. Thicknesse, who had a house in Bath, at which he was accustomed to reside during the winter months, recommended him to try his fortune in that city. Upon this suggestion, Gainsborough acted: and in the year 1760 removed to Bath.*

* Allan Cunningham fixes the year 1758 as the date of Gainsborough's removal to Bath. This appears incorrect, from a letter written by Mr. Kirby to his son, shortly after the latter's arrival in Ipswich to study drawing under Gainsborough, which is dated August 12th, 1759.

Hitherto we must consider his career as fortunate. If his sojourn in Ipswich had not brought him riches, it had at least secured him a competency; whilst in his art he had made considerable advancement. Thirteen years had done much to remedy those defects which are incident to the productions of every young painter. His portraits were now distinguished not only for fidelity of likeness, but for fertility of invention; and his landscapes showed that he could select with taste, color with skill, and execute with freedom.

CHAPTER V.

Bath.

No city in England, save the metropolis, then afforded a more advantageous sphere for a portrait painter than Bath. Beau Nash had, during his reign of half a century, rendered it the great resort of the fashionable world. His splendid chariot, with its cream-colored horses and laced menials, was indeed no longer seen in the streets. Poor, old, and feeble, he still hovered about the scene of his former pleasures; he still gloried in the office of Master of the Ceremonies. His whole-length statue as it stood between the busts of Pope and Newton in one of the assembly rooms, appeared strangely emblematical of the place—

> Wisdom and wit were little seen,
> But folly at full length.

Opulent loungers, ruined spendthrifts, and brainless beaux, sought amidst its numberless gaieties to minister to their minds diseased, and cure themselves of ennui. Their tastes and habits, their vanities and foibles, their passions and intrigues, afforded ample scope for the satirist, and were soon to furnish subjects for the verse of Anstey, the dramas of Sheridan, and the novels of Madame D'Arblay.

Among such a people, Gainsborough judged it expedient to make some show of wealth. A house with a rental of six pounds a year might suffice at Ipswich, but would never do in the city of King Bladud. The ever ready Thicknesse volunteered his services. "After Mr. Gainsborough's arrival at Bath, I accompanied him in search of lodgings, where a good painting room as to light, a proper access, &c., could be had; and upon our return to my house, where his wife was impatiently waiting the event, he told her he had seen lodgings of fifty pounds a year in the churchyard, which he thought would answer his purpose. The poor woman, highly alarmed, fearing it must all come out of her annuity, exclaimed, fifty pounds a year Mr. Gainsborough! why are you going to throw your-

self into a goal? But upon my telling her, if she did not approve of the lodgings at fifty pounds a year, he should take a house of a hundred and fifty, and that I would pay the rent if he could not, Margaret's alarms were moderated."

Suitable apartments were at length found in the Circus, a beautiful range of buildings then newly erected. Thicknesse, thinking that the Painter might be at a loss for employment, considerately suggested that "his head should be held up as a decoy duck for customers." The Governor gave him one sitting, and was somewhat surprised to find that he was not called upon for a farther attendance. He soon, however, discovered that although his portrait had not been the medium of attraction, Gainsborough's pencil was not idle. There were unmistakeable rumours in the "Rooms" that the Painter in the Circus was a clever fellow. It was reported that he could paint a head as well as Mr. Hoare. His studio was soon thronged with visitors. "Fortune," said a wit of the day, "seemed to take up her abode with him; his house became *Gains borough.*" It is not indeed recorded that like Opie he threatened to place cannon at his door to keep the crowd off, but Thicknesse

says "business came in so fast" that he was obliged to raise his price for a head, from five to eight guineas. Still the vanity of beauty out-weighed the deceitfulness of favor. And running through the scale of charges, he ultimately fixed them at forty guineas for a half, and a hundred for a whole, length.

The profession of a portrait painter, we needed not Gay's fable to tell us, is not altogether free from annoyance. Amongst Gainsborough's sitters, there came a gentleman, whom Thicknesse calls an alderman, and Allan Cunningham, a lord; but whose importance, whether derived from a corporation or a peerage, was very apparent in his erect mien, his richly laced coat, and well powdered wig. Placing himself in an advantageous situation as to light, he began to arrange his dress and dictate his attitude in a manner so ludicrously elaborate, that Gainsborough muttered—"This will never do." His Excellency having at length satisfactorily adjusted his person, exclaimed, "Now, Sir, I desire you not to overlook the dimple in my chin." "Confound the dimple in your chin," said Gainsborough, "I shall neither paint the one nor the other." And he refused to proceed with the picture.

Whilst matters went thus with Gains-

borough, his brother artists in the metropolis were not inactive. They had formed themselves into a Society, and established an annual exhibition of works of Art. To their first exhibition in 1760, Gainsborough did not contribute, but the following year he sent an excellent whole length portrait of *Mr. Nugent*,* afterwards Lord Clare. In 1762, he exhibited a portrait of *Mr. Poyntz* of Bath, a gentleman much given to sporting, and appropriately represented with a gun in his hand. Gainsborough's third contribution to the Society of Artists, consisted of *A large Landscape* and two portraits; one, of *Mr. Medlicott*, the gay and gallant cousin of Richard Lovell Edgeworth; the other, of *Quin*, the actor. Quin, it appears, was with difficulty persuaded by his friends to sit to Gainsborough. "If you will let me take your likeness," said the Painter jocosely, "I shall live for ever." And the modest actor then consented to allow him the privilege—which Reynolds craved of Mrs. Siddons—of going down to posterity on the hem of his garment. Quin is represented sitting in an

* For the *names* of the portraits exhibited by Gainsborough, the Editor is indebted to the notes appended by Horace Walpole to his catalogues of the various exhibitions, kindly furnished him by John Sheepshanks, Esq.

arm-chair with a volume of plays in his hand. We fancy he is divining some passage in the immortal Bard, studying perchance his favorite drama, Henry the Eighth. The light let in from an open window falls full upon his face, which has wonderful expression. We will not say the actor breathes—he thinks.*

Superior in size to the portrait we have mentioned, and not less able in execution, is that of *General Honywood*, (10ft. 8in. by 10ft.) which, with a whole length of *Colonel Nugent*, the brave son of Robert, Earl Nugent, who met his death in the West Indies, Gainsborough exhibited in 1765. As in the preceding year, when his contribution to the Society's rooms was a *Portrait of a gentleman* —to whom related, or by whom begot, is not recorded—he was still "in the face way." And if his portraits possessed only half the excellence which the General's exhibits, the circumstance cannot be regretted. Never was the "amenity of landscape" more happily displayed. Through a richly-wooded scene wherein the sturdy oak and silvery-barked birch are conspicuous, the soldier, mounted on a bay

* This picture, which won general admiration when exhibited at the British Institution in 1815, is in the possession of John Wiltshire, Esq., of Shockerwick, near Bath, with whose ancestor, Gainsborough and Quin spent many a social day.

horse, appears to be passing. His scarlet dress contrasts finely with the mass of surrounding foliage. Nothing can be easier than his attitude, as with one hand he curbs in his charger, and with the other holds his sword, which seems to flash in the sunbeams. Gainsborough has painted no scabbard—an intended compliment, perchance, to the General's bravery. The picturesque design of this portrait, its brilliant coloring, its bold yet careful execution, Gainsborough never surpassed. No wonder that George the Third wished to become the possessor of the painting. No wonder that Horace Walpole wrote in his catalogue "very good."

Thus constantly employed in this branch of his profession, Gainsborough must necessarily have made many acquaintances and some friends. In the same year that death deprived him of the society of Quin, he secured the regard of David Garrick. At the exhibition in 1766, appeared a whole length *Portrait of Garrick, A large landscape with figures,* and two whole lengths of *A gentleman* and *A lady and gentleman.* Gainsborough, it has been said, was unable to catch Garrick's likeness by reason of the constant change in the expression of the actor's countenance—now

squinting like Wilkes, and now appearing as handsome as Lord Townsend, anon his cheeks were dilated, and he puffed and gasped like the leviathan Johnson, and then his features wore the pinched aspect of Sir John Hawkins, so that the baffled Painter was compelled to throw down his brush in despair.* The story, however, is considerably exaggerated. Garrick, being on intimate terms with Gainsborough, may at first have personated others, as Edwin did when sitting to young Lawrence, more to amuse than annoy. But he had too much regard for Gainsborough and too much vanity to prevent him from accomplishing his object. The portrait in question so far from being a failure is admirable not merely as a likeness but as a picture. Mrs. Garrick, indeed, used to say that "it was the best portrait ever painted of her Davy." And that Garrick himself thought highly of the performance is evident from the fact that he presented it to the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. He is drawn leaning against a pedestal surmounted by a bust of Shakespeare which he encircles with one arm. Trees in full foliage overshadow the column,

* A similar anecdote is related of Foote, probably with as little reason. His portrait is esteemed an excellent likeness.

and flowers and shrubs entwine its base. In the back ground and on the left of Garrick flows a small stream, arched at its extremity by a summer-house. The scene is said to represent a favourite haunt in his retreat at Hampton, the principal features of the landscape remaining much in the same state now as then.

From the Private Correspondence of Garrick we learn that Gainsborough undertook to paint a portrait of Shakespeare for the Jubilee at Stratford in 1769, in which he intended "to take the form from the Bard's pictures and statues, just enough to preserve his likeness past the doubt of all blockheads at first sight, and supply a soul from his works." The performance was by no means easy of execution, as the annexed letter explains.

"*Bath, 22nd August*, 1768.

"Dear Sir,

"I doubt I stand accused (if not accursed) all this time for my neglect in not going to Stratford, and giving you a line from thence as I promised; but, what can one do such weather as this—continual rainy? My genius is so damped by it, that I can do nothing to please me. I have been several

days rubbing in and rubbing out my design of Shakespeare, and hang me if I think I shall let it go, or let you see it at last. I was willing, like an ass as I am, to expose myself a little out of the simple portrait way, and had a notion of showing where that inimitable poet had his ideas from, by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye turned up for the purpose; but confound it, I can make nothing of my ideas, there has been such a fall of rain from the same quarter. You shall not see it, for I will cut it before you can come. Tell me, dear sir, when you purpose coming to Bath, that I may be quick enough in my motions. Shakespeare's bust is a silly smiling thing, and I have not sense enough to make him more sensible in the picture, and so I tell ye, you shall not see it. I must make a plain picture of him standing erect, and give it an old look, as if it had been painted at the time he lived; and there we shall fling 'em.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH."

In another letter to Garrick, written about the same period, he promises that "Shakespeare shall come forth forthwith"—speaks of

illness, of "having had twelve ounces of blood taken immediately away," but of being "perfectly recovered, strong in the back, and able." Mention is made of certain portraits recently executed. "I could wish you to call upon any pretence," he says, "at the Duke of Montague's, because you would see the Duke and Duchess in my *last* manner; but not as if you thought anything of mine worth that trouble, only to see his Grace's landscape of Rubens, and the four Vandykes, whole lengths, in his Grace's dressing-room."

To the Artists' exhibition in 1767 and 1768, Gainsborough sent in all, but five paintings. *Portraits of Lady Grosvenor—John, Duke of Argyle—Mr. Vernon,* son of Lord Vernon—*Capt. Needham*—and *Capt. Augustus Hervey,* afterwards Earl of Bristol, evidence the estimation in which he was held by the nobility. Of these, the last mentioned afforded Horace Walpole peculiar satisfaction, for he describes it as "very good, and one of the best modern portraits he had seen." The Captain is in naval uniform; the sea and his ship being seen in the distance: richness and harmony of coloring are united to a vigorous yet careful execution.

Gainsborough's pictures were annually trans-

mitted to London by Mr. Wiltshire, the public carrier at Bath, "a kind and worthy man," as Allan Cunningham describes him, "who loved Gainsborough, and admired his works." Mr. Wiltshire could never be persuaded to accept payment: "No—no—," he would say, "I admire painting too much;" as noble a tribute to genius as the exemption of Da Vinci by the Florentine Government from a general tax. Gainsborough, however, was not to be outdone in acts of generosity. He presented him with several fine paintings, which are still in the possession of his grandson, John Wiltshire, Esq.—a gentleman who does not think it essential to the enjoyment of his treasures that lovers of Art should be excluded from seeing them. One of these works is called *The Return from Harvest:* it represents a picturesque looking wain passing along a cool sequestered spot at close of day. The driver is in the act of stopping his team that a peasant girl may mount. This girl is a portrait of one of Gainsborough's daughters; and a figure seated in the waggon, is a portrait of the other. The Painter has also introduced into the picture a favorite horse given him by Mr. Wiltshire, which served, indeed, as a model on many occasions—there was long extant a

remarkably fine study from this animal, when, too old for work, it had retired to ease and clover. On presenting the painting to Mr. Wiltshire, Gainsborough said that it pleased him "more than any he had ever executed."

Although thus assiduous in the practice of his profession, his love of music often seduced him from the easel. William Jackson of Exeter, a clever musician, and an amateur artist, has given an amusing but somewhat overdrawn account of Gainsborough's instrumental performances. Not content with asserting that, like Lairesse, he played and painted alternately, Jackson declares, "there were times when music seemed to be Gainsborough's employment and painting his diversion." Some truth, however, may be found in the narrative if duly weeded of its exaggerated verbiage:

"When I first knew Gainsborough he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made the Painter enamoured of that instrument; and he was not satisfied until he possessed it. He next heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths. My friend's passion

had now a fresh object—Fischer's hautboy; but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind-instrument. The next time I saw Gainsborough it was in the character of king David. He had heard a harper at Bath—the performer was soon left harpless—and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini, were all forgotten—there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation (this was not a pedal harp), when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba. This, and an occasional flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years, when, as ill-luck would have it, he heard Crosdill—but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought, the violincello. All his passion for the bass was vented in descriptions of Crosdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree.

"Happening on a time to see a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's, Gainsborough concluded, because, perhaps, it was finely painted, that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor, and ascending to his garret found him dining on roasted apples, and smoking his pipe with his theorbo beside him. 'I am come to buy your lute—name your price, and here's your money.' 'I cannot sell my lute' —'No, not for a guinea or two—but you must sell it, I tell you.' 'My lute is worth much money—it is worth ten guineas.' 'Aye! that it is—see, here's the money.' So saying, he took up the instrument, laid down the price, went half way down the stair, and returned. 'I have done but half my errand; what is your lute worth if I have not your book?' 'What book, Master Gainsborough?' 'Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute.' 'Ah, sir, I can never part with my book!' 'Poh! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean—there's ten guineas for it—so once more good day.'* He went down a few steps, and returned again. 'What use is your book to me if I don't understand it? and your lute, you may take it

* This book is still extant.

again if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me the first lesson.' 'I will come to-morrow.' 'You must come now.' 'I must dress myself.' 'For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day.' 'I must shave, sir.' 'I honour your beard!' 'I must, however, put on my wig.' 'D— your wig! your cap and beard become you! Do you think if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?' In this manner he frittered away his musical talents, and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step, the second was of course out of his reach, and the summit became unattainable."

Fischer, the hautboy-player, is described as a man of singular disposition and great professional pride. He was fond of horsemanship, and was accustomed to keep several spirited animals in his stable. One day having an engagement at Salisbury, he mounted a favorite mare, and was riding over the plain when he overtook a heavily-laden waggon. The horse signified its disapproval of the unsightly object by various *staccato* movements, and suddenly starting into a gallop, the musician was thrown. Fortunately un-

injured, he again pursued his journey. On arriving at Salisbury, Fischer, in a letter to Gainsborough, jestingly alluded to the morning's disaster. A day or two after, he received a rough sketch, wherein his own prostrate form, the broad-wheeled waggon, the grinning waggoner, and the retreating horse, made a picture worthy of Bunbury. Beneath was written the following metrical advice:

> A runaway horse you here may see,
> A warning sent, my friend, to thee:
> Better it is to shun the wheel
> Than ride a blood to look genteel.

That gentility was a point with Fischer, is, we think, apparent from the admirable portrait of him by Gainsborough at Hampton Court. What refinement is there in his features, what thoughtfulness in his eyes, what expression even in his smile. How happily has the Painter caught "the mind, the *music* breathing in his face." How much is there in the picture, moreover, that is characteristic of Gainsborough's own tastes. With what gusto does the hautboy appear to be painted, with what care the violin: Fischer's drapery is slight and sketchy, but the cremona is refulgent in its polish. Whilst the Painter who was in general so inattentive to minutiæ has given on the piano, even its maker's name.

Since Gainsborough had exhibited his portraits of Capt. Needham and Capt. Augustus Hervey in 1768, some important changes had taken place in the realm of Art. Eight years before, Joshua Kirby, in a letter to one of his friends announcing his election as President of the Society of Artists, had declared that the honor conferred upon him, was "very like dressing a man in a fine robe, and then fixing a weight to the train of it that he with all his abilities was but just able to tug after him." Dissensions had even then appeared, which, towards the close of the year 1768, resulted in the foundation of the Royal Academy.* Gainsborough was chosen one of the original thirty-six Academicians, and a law being enacted that every member should on his election present to the Institution a specimen of his art, he contributed a painting usually described as *A Romantic Landscape, with Sheep at a Fountain.* It can scarcely be ranked among the finest of his works. "Nothing can be more attractively

* Sir Robert Strange in his "Enquiry into the Rise and Establishment of the Royal Academy" observes, that previous to the existence of that body, many paintings by the same master were obliged to be introduced at the annual exhibitions. "We have seen at one time," he says, "*nine* pictures by Mr. Gainsborough," etc. Sir Robert's eyes were exclusively privileged, as Gainsborough had never exhibited even half that number.

luminous or aerial," remarks the author of 'Modern Painters' in a comparison of this picture with Turner's 'Llanberis' in the same room, "than the distance of the Gainsborough, nothing more bold or inventive than the forms of its crags and the diffusion of the broad distant light upon them, where a vulgar artist would have thrown them into dark contrast. But it will be found that the light of the distance is brought out by a violent exaggeration of the gloom in the valley; that the forms of the green trees which bear the chief light are careless and ineffective; that the markings of the crags are equally hasty; and that no object in the foreground has realization enough to enable the eye to rest upon it."

To the first exhibition of the Royal Academy in the spring of 1769, Gainsborough sent a whole length painting of *Isabella, Lady Molyneux*, which, Sir William Beechy tells us, attracted considerable attention, but which, in Horace Walpole's opinion, was "ungraceful." The latter, bears testimony to the fidelity of another portrait by Gainsborough, *George Pitt*, eldest son of the first Lord Rivers, for he has characterised it as "very like." There were, in addition to these, two fancy subjects, *A large*

Landscape and *A boy's head.* The following year, the balance was not so equally preserved; five portraits and but one *Landscape* appearing, with a *Book of drawings.* Amongst the former was a three-quarters length of *Garrick*—"very like," again remarks Walpole. The other four portraits, represented persons unknown to the monarch of Strawberry Hill: in the sparse phraseology of the Academy catalogue, *Portrait of a lady and child; A portrait of a gentleman; A ditto of a gentleman; A ditto of a young gentleman.* From a letter written by Miss Mary Moser, R.A., to Fuseli, then at Rome, we learn that one of these pictures at least possessed extraordinary merit. "I suppose" observes that lively lady, "there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already, to say that Gainsborough is beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyke habit," etc.

In 1771, Gainsborough was still engaged in the exercise of that art, the object of which, Johnson in his more kindly moments declared, was to diffuse friendship, to renew tenderness, to quicken the affections of the absent, and to continue the presence of the dead. He

contributed to the Academy, whole-length *Portraits of Lady Sussex and child; Lady Ligonier, in a fancy dress; Lord Ligonier, with a horse; Captain Wade, Master of the Ceremonies at Bath;* and a *Mr. Nuthall.* Two accompanying *Landscapes and figures,* were, according to Lord Orford, "very good, but too little finished." A similar objection was urged to *Two Landscapes, drawings, in imitation of oil painting,* of which, he says, "very great effect, but near like needlework:" these, with *Eight landscape drawings,* and *Four portraits,* were exhibited in the year 1772—they were the last pictures Gainsborough sent to the Academy during his residence in Bath. The reason is assigned by Walpole in a note to the catalogue of paintings exhibited in 1773: "Gainsborough and Dance, having disagreed with Sir Joshua Reynolds, did not send any pictures to this exhibition." Nor were Gainsborough's works seen at the Academy during four succeeding years.

In the summer of 1772, Gainsborough was engaged upon a third portrait of David Garrick. "It represents," observes the Editor of the actor's Private Correspondence, "a front view of Garrick in laced clothes, with a book in the right hand. It is more genteel than

Sir Joshua's—I mean than that great painter's front view of him. Gainsborough's, though extremely like, gives what is a common fault, the impression of a larger figure than that of the sitter." A copy of this picture is alluded to in the following letter, which we extract from the volume already mentioned:

"1772.

"My Dear Sir,

"I never will consent that anybody makes a present of your face to Clutterbuck but myself, because I always intended a copy (by my own hand) for him, that he may one day tell me what to do with my money, the only thing he understands, except jeering of folks. I shall look upon it that you break in upon my line of happiness in this world if you mention it; and for the original, it was to be my present to Mrs. Garrick, and so it shall be in spite of your blood.

"Now for the chalk scratch; it is a poor affair, not much like the young ladies; but, however, if you do not remember what I said in my last, and caution your brother of the same rock, may you sink in the midst of your glory!* I know your great stomach, that you

* Garrick probably offered payment.

hate to be crammed, but by —— you shall swallow this one bait. * * * *

"God bless all your endeavours to delight the world, and may you sparkle to the last!

"THOS. GAINSBOROUGH."

Towards the close of the year 1772, there came to Bath a young actor, endowed with great knowledge of character and singular powers of imitation. Giffard, under whose management Garrick made his first appearance, declared that the youthful Roscius would one day reach the highest pinnacle of dramatic fame; and when he made his debut in that city, in the part of Hamlet, the gay world flocked to General Palmer's theatre to test the truth of the prediction. Gainsborough, who was on intimate terms with the proprietor, and had free access to a box on all occasions—a courtesy which he repaid by the presentation of several beautiful pictures—was among the number of the spectators. So pleased was he with the ability the young man displayed, that he invited him to his house, painted his portrait, and, before the first season was over, became the firm friend and patron of John Henderson.

The following year, Henderson returned to London. During his sojourn there, Gainsborough wrote him several letters, two of which have been published in Ireland's memoirs of the actor. From the one annexed, it will be seen that Gainsborough had a higher opinion of Garrick's sincerity than the author of "Retaliation."

"*Bath, 27th June,* 1773.

"Dear Henderson,

"If you had not written to me as you did, I should have concluded you had been laid down; pray, my boy, take care of yourself this hot weather, and don't run about London streets, fancying you are catching strokes of nature, at the hazard of your constitution. It was my first school, and deeply read in petticoats I am, therefore you may allow me to caution you. Stick to Garrick as close as you can, for your life: you should follow his heels like his shadow in sunshine. No one can be so near him as yourself, when you please; and I'm sure, when he sees it strongly as other people do, he must be fond of such an *ape.* You have nothing to do now but to

stick to the few great ones of the earth, who seem to have offered you their assistance in bringing you to light, and to brush off all the low ones as fast as they light upon you. You see I hazard the appearing a puppy in your eyes, by pretending to advise you, from real regard, and the sincere desire I have of seeing you a great and happy man. Garrick is the greatest creature living, in every respect: he is worth studying in every action. Every view, and every idea of him, is worthy of being stored up for imitation; and I have ever found him a generous and sincere friend. Look upon him Henderson, with your imitative eyes, for when he drops, you'll have nothing but poor old Nature's book to look in. You'll be left to grope about alone, scratching your pate in the dark, or by a farthing candle. Now is your time, my lively fellow! And, do ye hear, don't eat so devilishly; you'll get too fat when you rest from playing, or get a sudden jog by illness to bring you down again.

"Adieu, my dear H.,

"Believe me your's, &c.,

"T. G."

Ireland relates that Henderson, being invited by Garrick to a breakfast, was requested to give a specimen of his powers of imitation. After he had, much to the delight of his host, successfully personated his brothers in the art, Barry, Woodward, and Love, Garrick asked for an imitation of himself. Henderson declined, saying, "Mr. Garrick was beyond imitation." On being urged, he at length complied, and so exactly caught the voice and manner of the player, that the company declared the resemblance perfect. Garrick, however, was not equally satisfied. "Egad!" he exclaimed, "if *that's* my likeness, *I* have never known it."

In a second letter to Henderson, Gainsborough thus resumes the burden of his former epistle:

"*Bath, July* 18*th*, 1773.

"Dear Henderson,

"If one may judge by your last spirited epistle, you are in good keeping; no one eats with a more grateful countenance, or swallows with more good nature than yourself. If this does not seem sense, do but recollect how many hard-featured fellows there are in the world that frown in the midst of

enjoyment, chew with unthankfulness, and seem to swallow with pain instead of pleasure; now any one who sees you eat pig and plum-sauce, immediately feels that pleasure which a plump morsel, smoothly gliding through a narrow glib passage into the regions of bliss, and moistened with the dews of imagination, naturally creates. Some iron-faced dogs, you know, seem to chew dry ingratitude, and swallow discontent. Let such be kept to *under parts*, and never trusted to support a character. In all but eating, stick to Garrick; in *that* let him stick to you, for I'll be curst if you are not his master! Never mind the fools who talk of imitation and copying; all is imitation, and if you quit that natural likeness to Garrick which your mother bestowed upon you, you'll be flung. Ask Garrick else.

"Why, Sir, what makes the difference between man and man, is real performance, and not genius or conception. There are a thousand Garricks, a thousand Giardinis, and Fischers, and Abels. Why only one Garrick with Garrick's eyes, voice, &c.? One Giardini with Giardini's fingers, &c.? But one Fischer with Fischer's dexterity, quickness, &c.? Or more than one Abel with Abel's

feeling upon the instrument? All the rest of the world are mere *hearers* and *see'rs*.

"Now, as I said in my last, as Nature seems to have intended the same thing in you as in Garrick, no matter how short or how long, her kind intention must not be crossed. If it is, she will tip the wink to Madam Fortune, and you'll be kicked down stairs.

"'Think on that Master Ford.'

"God bless you,

"T. G."

That Gainsborough had now the reputation of a master, may be gathered from the mention of his name among the favored artists of the day, in the verse of Richard Cumberland:

> See Coates, see Dance, see Gainsborough seize the spoil,
> And ready Mortimer who scoffs at toil.—

The "spoil" at Bath consisted entirely of the profits to be derived from portrait painting. These were considerable, as Gainsborough received a hundred guineas for a whole-length, and was very adroit in catching the features of a sitter. He had, moreover, the assistance of his nephew, Mr. Dupont, a young man of great ability, who, Thicknesse says, "had been nurtured under the Painter's wing from a child." His style, though free, was less

bold than his uncle's; yet how many admirable works were lost to the world by his early death, the painting of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity-house, sufficiently shows.

Among the famous portraits of famous men, executed by Gainsborough during his residence in Bath, may be mentioned, those of the first *Lord Camden*, a kind friend to the Painter, *Cramer* the metallurgist—the gilt buttons of whose coat are rendered with appropriate carefulness—and the authors of "Pamela" and the "Sentimental Journey." To *Sterne's* picture we may apply the words of Tristram Shandy, "Reynolds himself, great and graceful as he was, might have painted it." *Richardson's* head is a splendid performance: the parted lips and animated face seem to indicate that he must, when taken, have been discoursing on a favorite subject—the wonderful merits of "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison." It is said that *Chatterton* also sat to Gainsborough, and that the portrait of the marvellous boy, with his long flowing hair and child-like face, is a master-piece.

Landscape painting had, for several years, been exceptional employment with Gainsborough. Many of his works are, never-

theless, to be found in and around Bath. They were usually given to his friends; purchasers, as in Ipswich, being of rare occurrence. Few lovers of art left his house unenriched by the productions of his pencil. Thicknesse was a frequent participator in the treasures of the painting room: nor was this the only advantage he derived. Gainsborough kept a good table and spent his money freely, features in his character, the Governor knew well how to appreciate. He often shared the Painter's hospitality, and has recorded some of his host's sayings and doings on such occasions. In the absence of any imaginable motive to set down aught in malice, or color facts till they look like fiction, the following anecdotes may be relied upon.

"After returning from a concert at Bath, nearly twenty years ago, where we had been charmed by Miss Linley's voice, I went home to supper with my friend, who sent his servant for a bit of clay from the small beer barrel, with which he modelled, and then colored her head, and that too in a quarter of an hour, in such a manner that I protest it appeared to me even superior to his paintings. The next day I took a friend or two to his house to see it, but it was not to be seen, the

servant had thrown it down from the mantle-piece and broken it.* A gentleman and a friend of mine, had without letting *me* know his distress, shot himself in this city; I found by some letters from a female which came into my hands from the Coroner, that he was connected with a woman in London, who had painted the distress of her mind in those letters *à la Gainsborough.* I wrote to her, and her reply to me was of the same cast, and meeting Mr. Gainsborough going to the play when I had her letter in my hand, I shewed it to him; I saw the stifled tear ready to burst from his eyes and so quitted him; but instead of going to the play, he returned home, sent me a bank note in a letter, wherein he said, 'I could not go to the play till I had relieved my mind by sending you the inclosed bank note, which I beg you to transmit to the poor woman by to-morrow's post.' His susceptible mind and his benevolent heart, led him into such repeated acts of generosity."

* Mr. Leslie had in his possession, some years ago, an exquisite plaster cast of a head of Miss Linley, (from a clay model by Gainsborough,) which, unfortunately met with a similar fate. Gainsborough would now and then mould the faces of his friends, in miniature, finding the material in the wax candles burning before him; the models were as perfect in their resemblance as his portraits.

It was not in Thicknesse's nature, however, to live long in peace with any man. For old associations' sake, Gainsborough suffered many annoyances which, to his proud spirit, were hard to bear. At length Thicknesse's conduct became intolerable, and Gainsborough determined to rid himself of such an incubus. A characteristic account of the breach between them is given by the Governor:

"I cannot help relating a very singular and extraordinary circumstance, which arose between him, Mrs. Thicknesse, and myself; for though it is very painful for me to reflect on, and much more so to relate, it turned out fortunately for him, and thereby lessened my concern, as he certainly had never gone from Bath to London, had not this untoward circumstance arisen between us; and it is no less singular, that I, who had taken so much pains to remove him from Ipswich to Bath, should be the cause, twenty years afterwards, of driving him from thence! He had asked me, when he first went to Bath, to give him the portrait of a little Spanish girl painted upon copper, with a guitar in her hand, and a feather in her hair, a picture now at his house in Pall-Mall, the study of which he has often told me, made him a portrait painter; and as

he afterwards painted Mrs. Thicknesse's full length, before she was my wife, he rolled it up in a landscape of the same size, and of his own pencil, and sent it me to London by the waggon. I was much surprised at the first opening of it, to see the head of a large oak tree, instead of Mrs. Thicknesse's head, but I soon found between the two pictures a note as follows: 'Lest Mrs. Thicknesse's picture should have been damaged in the carriage to town, this landscape is put as a case to protect it, and I now return you many thanks for having procured me the favor of her sitting to me, it has done me service, and I know it will give you pleasure.'

"During our residence in Bath, he had often desired me to sit to him for a companion to it, which I as often declined; not because I should not have felt myself and my person too, highly flattered, but because I owed Mr. Gainsborough so much regard, esteem, and friendship, that I could not bear he should toil for nothing, knowing how hard he worked for profit. However, during the last year of his residence at Bath, he fell in love with Mrs. Thicknesse's viol-di-gamba, and often, when he dropped into my house and took it up, offered me a hundred guineas for it; at that

time I had reason to believe I might not find it inconvenient, ever to remove from my own house in the Crescent, and observing to Mrs. Thicknesse how much he admired her viol, that he had some very good ones of his own, and that she might at any time have the use of either, she consented to give him an instrument made in the year 1612, of exquisite workmanship, and mellifluous tone, and which was certainly worth a hundred guineas. We then asked him and his family to supper with us, after which Mrs. Thicknesse putting the instrument before him, desired he would play one of his best lessons upon it; this I say was after supper, for till poor Gainsborough had got a little borrowed courage (such was his natural modesty) he could neither play nor sing! He then played, and charmingly too, one of his dear friend Abel's lessons, and Mrs. Thicknesse told him he deserved the instrument for his reward, and desired his acceptance of it, but said, 'at your leisure, give me my husband's picture to hang by the side of my own.' A hundred full length pictures bespoken, could not have given my grateful and generous friend half the pleasure, a pleasure in which I participated highly, because I knew with what delight he would fag through

the day's work to rest his cunning fingers at night over Abel's compositions, and an instrument he so highly valued. Gainsborough was so transported with this present that he said, 'keep me hungry!—keep me hungry! and do not send the instrument till I have finished the picture.' The viol-di-gamba, however, was sent the next morning, and the same day he stretched a canvas, called upon me to attend, and he soon finished the head, rubbed in the dead coloring of the full length, painted my Newfoundland dog at my feet; and then it was put by, and no more said of it, or done to it. After some considerable time had passed, Mrs. Thicknesse and I called one morning at his house; Mr. Gainsborough invited her up into his picture room, saying, 'Madam, I have something above to show you.' Now, the reader will naturally conclude, as she did, that it was some further progress upon my picture, which, as it was last left, had something of the appearance (for want of light and shade in the drapery) of a drowned man ready to burst, or rather of a ragged body which had been blown about upon a gibbet on Hounslow Heath, for the dog's head, and his master's, were the only parts that betrayed the pencil of so great a master. But upon

Mrs. Thicknesse's entering the room, she found it was to show her Mr. Fischer's portrait, painted at full length, completely finished, in scarlet and gold, like a Colonel of the foot guards, and mine standing in its tatter-a-rag condition by the side of it! Mrs. Thicknesse knew this was a picture not to be paid for, and that it was begun and completed after mine. She would have rejoiced to have seen a hundred pictures finished before mine, that were to be paid for; but she instantly burst into tears, retired, and wrote Mr. Gainsborough a note, desiring him to put my picture up in his garret, and not let it stand to be a foil to Mr. Fischer's; he did so, and as instantly sent home the viol-di-gamba! Upon my meeting Mr. Gainsborough, I believe the next day, I asked him how he could have acted so very imprudently? and observed to him that it was not consistent with his usual delicacy, nor good sense, that even if he had made a foolish bargain with her, yet it was a bargain, and ought to be fulfilled, for I must own, that had he been a man I loved less, I too should have been a little offended. Now, reason and good sense had returned to my friend, 'I own,' said he, 'I was very wrong, not only in doing as I did, but I have been guilty also of a shameful

indelicacy in accepting the instrument which Mrs. Thicknesse's fingers from a child had been accustomed to, but my admiration of it, shut out my judgment, and I had long since determined to send it her back with the picture, and so I told Mr. Palmer,' (and so he did) adding, 'pray make my peace with Mrs. Thicknesse, and tell her I will finish her picture in my very best manner, and send it her home forthwith.' In a few days after, we three met, and they two shook hands and seemed as good friends as ever; but, days, weeks, and months passed, and no picture appearing, either at his house or mine, I began to think it then became my turn to be a little angry, for I suspected, and I suspected right, that he had determined never to touch it more; and I wrote him a letter and told him so, adding, that Mrs. Thicknesse was certainly entitled to the picture, either from his justice or his generosity—that I would not give a farthing for it, as a mark of his justice, but if he would send it to me from his generosity, unfinished as it was, I should feel myself obliged to him; and he sent it as it was! Nothing but knowing the goodness of his heart, the generosity of his temper, and the particularities of his mind, could ever have

made me even speak to him again, after having given me so deadly a blow, for it was a deadly one; but I knew, though it seemed his act, it did not originate with him. He had been told that I had said openly in the public coffee-house at Bath, that when I first knew him at Ipswich, his children were running about the streets there, without shoes or stockings; but the rascal who told him so, was the villain who robbed the poor from the plate he held at the church door for alms! That Mr. Gainsborough did not believe me capable of telling so gross a falsehood, I have his authority to pronounce, for he told me what he said in return. 'I acknowledge,' said he, 'I owe many obligations to Mr. Thicknesse, and I know not any man from whom I could receive acts of friendship with more pleasure,' and then made this just remark. 'I suppose,' said he, 'the Doctor knew I now and then made you a present of a drawing, and he meanly thought, by setting us at variance, he might come in for one himself.'

"The first time I met Mr. Gainsborough after he had presented me with my own unfinished picture, I saw that concern and shame in his face, which good sense, an upright heart, and conscious errors, always discover.

I did not lament the loss of his finishing strokes to my portrait, but grieved that it had ever been begun; he desired I would not let any other painter touch it, and I solemnly assured him it should never be touched, it had I said been touched enough, and so had I, and then the subject dropt; but every time I went into the room where that scare-crow hung, it gave me so painful a sensation, that I protest it often turned me sick, and in one of those sick fits, I desired Mrs. Thicknesse would return the picture to Mr. Gainsborough, and that as she had set her heart upon having my full length portrait, I would rather give Mr. Pine his fifty guineas for painting it, than be so daily reminded and sickened at the sight of such a glaring mark of disregard from a man I so much admired, and so affectionately esteemed. This she consented to do, provided I would permit her to send with it a card, expressing her sentiments at the same time, to which I am sorry to say, I too hastily consented. In that card she bid him take his brush, and first rub out the countenance of the truest and warmest friend he ever had, and so done, then blot him for ever from his memory."

Such is the statement of Thicknesse. Allan

Cunningham, enlightened by one of the members of Gainsborough's family, tells a different story. "The Painter," he says, "put a hundred guineas privately into the hands of Mrs. Thicknesse, for the viol-di-gamba; her husband, who might not be aware of what passed, renewed his wish for his portrait; and obtained what he conceived to be a promise that it should be painted. This double benefaction was, however, more than Gainsborough had contemplated: he commenced the portrait, but there it stopped; and after a time, resenting some injurious expressions from the lips of the governor, the artist sent him the picture, rough and unfinished as it was, and returned also the viol-di-gamba."

Knowing that there was only one way of casting off this old man of the sea, Gainsborough resolved on immediately leaving Bath. Dispatching his goods and chattels by Wiltshire's waggon, he took his place on the Bath coach, and arrived in London in the summer of 1774.

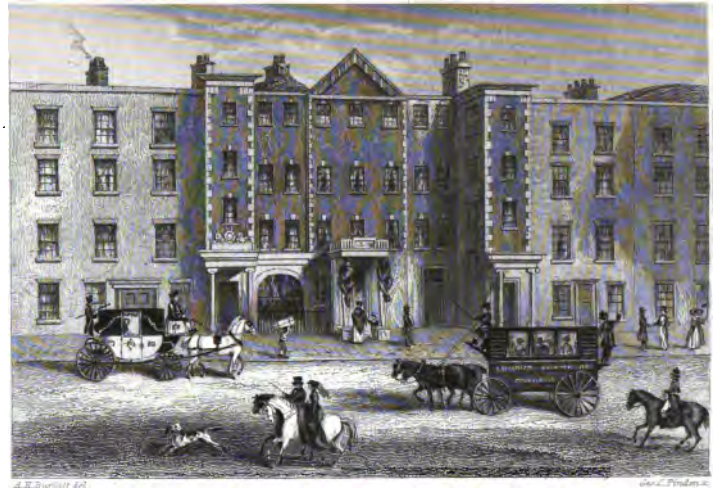
CHAPTER VI.

London.

NEARLY thirty years had elapsed since Gainsborough left the studio of Hayman. His old master was still living, but had survived his friends and fame. Jervas and Hudson, Lambert and Wootton, were no longer the reigning artists; not to paint like Sir Godfrey Kneller was no longer criminal. The old race of artists had indeed passed away, and a new race had succeeded. From the back-woods of America there had arisen one, who, realising his boyish definition of a painter when his only preceptors were a tribe of wild Indians, had become "a companion of kings and princes." From the town of Cork, nurtured among sailors and acquiring his knowledge of the art under unexampled privations,

there was now in London a young man producing historical designs not unworthy of the past. Already a contributor to British Art, though but a student in Italy, was that wondrous Swiss, whose imagination loved to body forth the mysterious and the terrible. England might hope to found a School, when West, Barry, and Fuseli, were following in the track already struck out by Hogarth, by Wilson, and by Reynolds.

A change no less complete had, during this period, taken place in Gainsborough's own position. He had quitted the great metropolis poor and unknown; he was returning thither in the possession of a splendid income, and a still more splendid name. Instead of rooms in Hatton Garden, he now rented part of a noble mansion, at three hundred pounds a year, in Pall Mall, built by Duke Schomberg—another portion being occupied by John Astley, a portrait painter of little merit, who, wedded to a rich widow, had no further occasion to resort to his early expedient of manufacturing the linings of his waistcoats from the canvas of his pictures. Owing to Gainsborough's sudden removal from Bath, some time elapsed before he was able to receive sitters. Meanwhile, Thicknesse, anxious for the Painter's



Schomberg House, where Gainsborough died, Aug. 2 1788.

welfare, magnanimously resolved to befriend him! "It was not one or two ill-judged actions, among a thousand great, good, and generous ones I knew him to be guilty of, which could break off our friendship." And the Governor determined to enlist the good offices of a noble lord. "I was much alarmed, lest with all his merit and genius, he might be in London a long time, before he was properly known to that class of people, who alone could *essentially* serve him, for of all the men I ever knew, he possessed least of that worldly knowledge, to enable him to make his own way into the notice of the *great world.* I therefore wrote to Lord Bateman, who knew him, and who admired his talents, stating the above particulars, and urging him at the same time for both our sakes, to give him countenance and make him known, that being all which was necessary. His lordship, for one or both our sakes, did so, and Gainsborough's removal from Bath to London, proved as good a move as it was from Ipswich to Bath."

A greater than Lord Bateman, however, was to be his patron. George III. had marked, at the Academy's annual exhibitions, the beauty of Gainsborough's works; and before the Painter had been many months in London,

he received a summons to the palace. It was soon known that the king and queen had sat to Gainsborough. Peers and commoners were not slow to follow the royal example. Commissions for portraits now flowed in so fast that, with all his rapidity of execution and untiring industry, he was unable to satisfy the impatience of some of his sitters—one gentleman lost his temper, and inquired of the Painter's porter, in a voice loud enough to be overheard, "has that fellow Gainsborough finished my portrait?" Ushered into the painting room, he beheld his picture. After expressing his approbation, he requested it might be sent home at once, adding, "I may as well give you a cheque for the other fifty guineas." "Stay a minute," said Gainsborough, "it just wants the finishing stroke;" and snatching up a back-ground brush, he dashed it across the smiling features, indignantly exclaiming, "Sir, where is my fellow now?"

Prosperity did not render Gainsborough unmindful of those of his relatives to whom fortune had been less kind. Scheming Jack was often supplied with money, and whenever he visited London, Schomberg House was his home. For his brother Humphry, the Painter

ever cherished a warm affection, occasionally stealing a visit to Henley, that they might roam together amid its picturesque scenery. Gainsborough painted an admirable portrait of this excellent man—the face looks up towards the light, and is full of thought. A pleasant glimpse of their friendly intercourse is given in the following letter from Gainsborough to his sister Mary, who, it will be remembered, married Mr. Gibbon, a dissenting minister in Bath:

"*London, Nov. 13th,* 1775.

"Dear Sister,

"We return you our best thanks for the excellent present of fish, which turned out as good as ever was eaten, and came very timely for brother Humphry to take part with us. He went home to Henley to-day, having been with us ten days, which was as long as he could well be absent from his business of collecting the tolls upon the river. He was as well as could be expected, considering his affliction for the loss of his poor wife. We did all we could to comfort him, and wish him every possible happiness, as he is a good creature. My wife has been but very indifferent

with the disorder that goes about in all parts of London; it seems to be a sort of cold attended with a bad cough, and it has gone through our family, servants and all; but, thank God, we are upon the mending hand: we don't hear of many people dying of it, though 'tis universal. I am glad to hear business in the lodging-house way goes on so well. I know you would willingly keep the cart upon the wheels, till you go to heaven, though you deserve to ride there in something better. I told Humphry you were a rank Methodist, who says you had better be a Presbyterian, but I say Church of England. It does not signify what, if you are but free from hypocrisy, and don't set your heart upon worldly honors and wealth. I wish you long life and happiness, and remain,

"Your affectionate brother,

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH."

In the summer of the following year, Humphry Gainsborough died. The Painter took upon himself the adjustment of his brother's little property, part of which consisted of the steam-engine to which allusion was made in our second chapter. Gainsborough thus writes upon the subject to Mrs. Gibbon:

"*Nov. 5th*, 1776.

"Dear Sister,

"I have been going to write to you every post for this month past, but was desirous of acquainting you with what I had done towards settling my brother Humphry's affairs, and therefore postponed writing till I had sold the stock. * * * Mr. Cooper advises me to keep on the house till we can make the most of the steam-engine, (as the work, if taken to pieces, perhaps may never be put together again,) and also the maid in the house, lest any discovery should be made of it. The goods are sold, but none of the books, nor have I had any account yet from Henley, so as to be able to settle anything. We hope you and Sally continue in good health and good bustling spirits, and join in best affections to you both,

"T. G."

In another letter to Mrs. Gibbon, written during the autumn of the ensuing year, Gainsborough makes triumphant mention of "Miss Read, Sir Benjamin Truman's grand-daughter, coming out of Wiltshire on purpose to sit;" yet he is "afraid he shall never be out of *business*." His heart yearned towards the green fields, and

like Sterne's starling, he often lamented that "he could not get out." He was glad of any pretext for a journey into the country. "My family," he says, in the letter from which we last quoted, "had a great desire to make a journey to Ipswich to Mr. and Mrs. Kilderbee's for a fortnight, and last Sunday morning I packed them off in their own coach with David on horseback; and Molly wrote to me to let me know that they arrived very safe—but somehow or other they seem desirous of returning rather sooner than the proposed time, as they desire me to go for them by next Tuesday; the bargain was that I should fetch them home. I don't know what's the matter, either people don't pay them honor enough for ladies that *keep a coach,* or else Madam is afraid to trust me alone in this great town." The coach, Gainsborough subsequently dispensed with, finding it either as useless as Hogarth's forgotten equipage which he left at the Mansion House while he ran home in the rain, or, that it made an unprofitable inroad upon his income. He was, however, too proud to be seen using a hackney coach; the pride of the Artist operated like the humility of the trainband captain, and the chaise "was not allowed to drive up to the

door." Thicknesse insinuates that this was attributable to Mrs. Gainsborough's parsimony, for he says, "Gainsborough was obliged to be set down in St. James's Square, or out of the sight of his own windows, for fear of another set down, not so convenient either to his head or his heels, as riding out twelve pennyworth of coach hire, after having earned fifty guineas previous thereto." The reason assigned has not even the modicum of truth with which falsehood is usually plated.

In the year 1777, Gainsborough again contributed to the Academy. The pictures exhibited were whole length *Portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland; A lady; Two young gentlemen; Lord Gage;* and *Abel,* the musician. Horace Walpole thought the portrait of the Duchess "a favorable likeness;" and those of Lord Gage and Mr. Abel, "very like and well." In the former, is introduced a fine piece of landscape; the latter, combines, it has been observed, "the force of a sketch with the high finish of a miniature." Abel is in a sitting posture, his head, slightly turned upwards, has a character only discernible in Gainsborough's portraits of musicians. The viol-di-gamba is well drawn—musical instruments were, indeed, a study with him:" I

have seen him," says his friend Jackson, "for many minutes surveying, in silence, their perfections." Gainsborough also painted a three-quarters length of Abel, playing on the viol-di-gamba; a portrait distinguished by its careful execution, beauty of coloring, and deep expression. *A large landscape,* the only one Gainsborough this year exhibited, Lord Orford praises after his own fashion: "in the style of Rubens, and by far the finest landscape ever painted in England, and equal to the great masters."

The number of paintings exhibited by Gainsborough in 1778, exceeded that of any previous year. In the catalogue they were designated, *Portrait of a lady; Portrait of a nobleman; Portrait of a lady; Ditto of a lady; Ditto of a lady; Ditto of a lady; Portrait of Mr. Christie*—the three last mentioned being half, the others whole, lengths —*Portrait of a lady* (three quarters); and *A landscape,* somewhat "rough and unfinished," with *Another, its companion,* more carefully executed. Christie's portrait was a present from the Painter: the worthy auctioneer is represented leaning on the frame of a picture, in which is displayed a beautiful touch of landscape. Among the portraits we

have mentioned, was one of the Duchess of Devonshire, then "the loveliest of the lovely, and the gayest of the gay." Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Mason a few days before the opening of the exhibition, says, "Lady Di Beauclerc has drawn the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, and it has been engraved by Bartolozzi. A Castalian nymph conceived by Sappho and executed by Myron, would not have had more grace and simplicity. * * * The likeness is perfectly preserved, except that the paintress has lent her own expression to the Duchess, which you will allow is very agreeable flattery; what should I go to the Royal Academy for? I shall see no such *chef d'œuvres* there." The monarch of Strawberry Hill condescended, however, to visit the Academy, and saw Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess. The Painter, of course, stood no chance in a competition with the titled "paintress;" in truth, Walpole thought Gainsborough's picture "very bad and washy." Allan Cunningham goes somewhat farther: "the dazzling beauty of the Duchess, and the sense which she entertained of the charms of her looks, and her conversation, took away that readiness of hand, and hasty happiness of touch, which belonged to him in his ordinary

moments. The portrait was so little to his satisfaction, that he refused to send it to Chatsworth. Drawing his wet pencil across a mouth which all who saw it thought exquisitely lovely, he said, 'Her Grace is too hard for me.' The picture was, I believe, destroyed." It is scarcely probable, that if the portrait had been little to his satisfaction, it would have been exhibited.

Gainsborough was now in the zenith of his fame. Men, eminent in the church, in the law, in the state; players, dramatists, sailors, naturalists—Pennant, Howe, Sheridan, Edwin, Burke, Skinner, Hurd, were among his sitters. He had also painted Blackstone, and Clive, and Paul Whitehead, and the literary negro—Ignatius Sancho. Writing to Mrs. Gibbon in 1779, Gainsborough says, "my present situation with regard to encouragement, etc., is all that heart can wish, and I live at a full thousand pounds a-year expence." He was a frequent visitor at the palace; and painted all the members of the royal family, with the exception of the Duke of York, of whom he had several pictures commissioned.* Hazlitt, in the "Conversations of

* We are glad to state that Mr. Hogarth intends publishing engravings of some of these exquisite portraits.

Northcote," observes that Gainsborough "did not make himself agreeable at Buckingham House." This statement is incorrect. The late princess Augusta, when sitting to Mr. Leslie for her portrait, remarked that Gainsborough was "a great favorite with all the royal family," and related an interesting anecdote concerning him. One of the little princes died while Gainsborough was at Windsor, and the day after, as the king passed by the room in which the Painter was employed, he saw him at work. The king desired a page to tell him to discontinue painting for the present. The page hesitated—the king repeated his command. "When your majesty knows what Mr. Gainsborough is doing, I am sure ——." The king understood him—Gainsborough was making a portrait of the dead child.

Early in the year 1779, Gainsborough probably painted that full-length portrait of a son of Mr. Buttall, which is usually known as *The Blue Boy*. Sir Joshua Reynolds had maintained in one of his Discourses, "that the masses of light in a picture should be always of a warm mellow color, yellow, red, or a yellowish-white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colors should be kept

almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colors."* To refute the President's objection to blue in the mass, Gainsborough clothed Master Buttall in a dress approaching to cerulean splendour. The propriety of this has been the subject of some debate. Dr. Waagen remarks: "In spite of the blue dress, Gainsborough has succeeded in producing a harmonious and pleasing effect; nor can it be doubted that in the cool scale of colors, in which blue acts the chief part, there are very tender and pleasing harmonies, which Sir Joshua, with his way of seeing, could not appreciate. On the whole, too, he may be so far right that painters would certainly do well to avoid the use of pure unbroken blue in large masses. The Blue Boy is, besides, remarkable for animation and spirit, and careful solid painting." Hazlitt also observes, "there is a spirited glow of youth about the face, and the attitude is striking and elegant—the drapery of blue satin is admirably painted." The author of "A Handbook for Young Painters," however, says: "I agree with the opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that in this picture the difficulty is rather ably combated

* Discourse VIII.—delivered in December, 1778.

than vanquished. Indeed it is not even fairly combated, for Gainsborough has so mellowed and broken the blue with other tints, that it is no longer that pure bleak color Sir Joshua meant; and after all, though the picture is a very fine one, it cannot be doubted that a warmer tint for the dress would have made it still more agreeable to the eye."

At the Academy in 1779, appeared two admirable whole length *Portraits of Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Gloucester*, and *Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Cumberland;* with half lengths of *Two ladies*, and *Judge Perrin.* Gainsborough also exhibited a noble picture of the *Duke of Argyll*, holding the baton of the Hereditary Stewardship of the Scotch Household in one hand, his other, resting on a coronet. An accompanying *Landscape*, Lord Orford styles, "most natural, bold, and admirable." In the year following—the first exhibition at Somerset House—Gainsborough startled the public by the number, variety, and beauty of his works. During fifteen years, he had contributed to the Artists' Society and the Academy about fifty portraits and but eleven landscapes, with some drawings. Little encouragement was there to indulge in flights of fancy. "Gainsborough's landscapes," says Sir

William Beechey, "stood ranged in long lines from his hall to his painting room; and they who came to sit to him for their portraits, for which he was chiefly employed, rarely deigned to honor them with a look as they passed them." To the exhibition of 1780, however, Gainsborough contributed no less than *Six landscapes*, which Walpole has characterised by various epithets—"charming," "very spirited," "as admirable as the great masters," etc. From a publication entitled, "A candid review of the Exhibition," we learn that one of these paintings represented a romantic scene, in which were introduced a shepherd and his flock; another, a rocky, woody landscape, with two horses and a dog drinking from a falling stream; a third, horses and cattle; and a fourth, the ruins of a gothic church overgrown with moss and ivy, wherein a peasant girl is laboring to read an inscription "carved for many a year on the tomb." In addition to the works we have mentioned, Gainsborough exhibited a remarkably fine portrait of the famous *General Conway*—a picture commissioned by the States of Jersey, of which Conway was Governor—with *Portraits of a gentleman; Mr. Gosset; Rev. Stephens; Mr. Crosdale; Madame le Brun*—a popular vocal-

ist; *John Henderson,* studying a tragedy part; *Mr. George Coyte,* so true to nature that the portrait was known as "Coyte alive;" *Mrs. Beaufoy,* wife of Mr. Henry Beaufoy, M.P., of whom, and Mr. Mark Beaufoy, his father, Gainsborough painted portraits, the latter has been admirably engraved by Valentine Green; and *Mr. Bate,* then the Editor of the "Morning Post," and subsequently Sir Bate Dudley, Bart. Gainsborough painted a second portrait of him, standing in a garden with his dog; a work of great beauty of design and handling. It is said that a political opponent of Dudley remarked on this picture, that "the man wanted execution, and the dog wanted hanging."

Although thus successful in his calling, Gainsborough was not altogether free from domestic troubles. Allowing "his table to be infested with all sorts of musical professors," we cannot wonder that a musician should take a fancy to one of Gainsborough's daughters. Johann Christian Fischer, the hautboy player, a man, as we have observed, of eccentric disposition and great professional pride,* secret-

* The following anecdote is related in the Memoirs of Kelly the actor: "Being very much pressed by a nobleman to sup with him after the opera, Fischer declined the invitation, saying, that he was usually much fatigued, and made it a rule never to go out

ly wooed and won Gainsborough's younger daughter, the fair Mary. How Gainsborough acted, on being made aware of the circumstance, will be seen from a letter he wrote to Mrs. Gibbon:

"*Feb.* 23*rd*, 1780.

"Dear Sister,

"I imagine you are by this time no stranger to the alteration which has taken place in my family. The notice I had of it was very sudden, as I had not the least suspicion of the attachment being so long and deeply settled; and as it was too late for me to alter anything, without being the cause of total unhappiness on both sides, my *consent*, which was a mere compliment to affect to ask, I needs must give, whether such a match was agreeable to me or not, I would not have the cause of unhappiness lay upon my conscience; and accordingly they were married last Mon-

after the evening's performance. The noble lord would take no denial, and assured him that he did not ask him professionally, but merely for the gratification of his society and conversation. Thus urged and encouraged, he went; he had not, however, been many minutes in the house, before his lordship approached him, and said, 'I hope, Mr. Fischer, you have brought your hautboy in your pocket?' 'No, my lord,' said Fischer, 'my hautboy never sups.' He turned on his heel, and instantly left the house, and no persuasion could ever induce him to return to it."

day, and are settled for the present in a ready furnished little house in Curzon Street, May Fair. I can't say I have any reason to doubt the man's honesty or goodness of heart, as I never heard any one speak anything amiss of him; and as to his oddities and temper, she must learn to like as she likes his person, for nothing can be altered now. I pray God she may be happy with him and have her health. Peggy has been very unhappy about it, but I endeavour to comfort her, in hope that she will have more pride and goodness than to do anything without first asking my advice and approbation. We shall see how they go on, and I shall write to you further upon the subject. I hope you are all well, and with best wishes,

"I remain your affectionate Bro.,

"THOS. GAINSBOROUGH."

Mrs. Fischer, a woman of great beauty, was, not long after her marriage, separated from her husband, being subject to occasional aberrations of mind—one of her idiosyncrasies, and perhaps the most reasonable, was that the Prince of Wales was desperately in love with her. She died about the year 1826. Mar-

garet Gainsborough, who died a few years before her sister, shared somewhat in her peculiarities: she inherited all her father's fondness for music, and played exquisitely on the harpsichord. Queen Charlotte, on one occasion, expressed a wish to hear Miss Gainsborough's performance, but the young lady was out of temper, and refused to gratify royalty.

In 1781, Gainsborough exhibited whole-length *Portraits of King George III,* in his morning regimental dress, and *Queen Charlotte.* His portraits of her Majesty were generally very happy: "I do believe," says a lively writer, "that Opie would have made a calf's head look sensible, as Gainsborough made our old Queen Charlotte look picturesque." He also exhibited a *Portrait of Bishop Hurd*—probably either the half-length at Hampton Court, or the finé head in the Library of Hertlebury Castle—with *A Shepherd,* and *Three landscapes.* Walpole, speaking of the exhibition in a letter to Mason, observes: "Gainsborough has two pieces with land and sea, so free and natural that one steps back for fear of being splashed." A critic of another order sat in judgment on the paintings contributed by Gainsborough to the

Academy in 1782. Wolcot, who recognised the merit of Opie and applauded Wilson, when one was a friendless boy in Cornwall and the patrons of the other were the pawnbrokers—Wolcot, burly and sarcastic, went to Somerset House to meditate his first "Ode to the Royal Academicians." Gainsborough presented a goodly show to the gaze of Peter Pindar. Besides *Portraits of Colonel Tarleton; Miss Dalrymple; Madame Baccelli,* the dancer; *A gentleman; A lady; A young gentleman;* and *A nobleman*—there were the famous pictures of *Colonel St. Leger* and the *Prince of Wales,* with *A landscape* and the *Girl and Pigs.* After applauding Sir Joshua, falling foul on Mr. West, and administering sage advice to very young painters,

The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. Gainsborough's Pig—Recommendeth landscape to the Artist:

And now, O Muse, with song so big,
Turn round to Gainsborough's Girl and Pig,
Or Pig and Girl, I rather should have said:
The pig in white, I must allow,
Is really a well painted sow:
I wish to say the same thing of the maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince,
Had I their places I should wince,
Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high,
Just like your felons after death,
On Bagshot, or on Hounslow-heath,
That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet Gainsborough has great merit too,
Would he his charming *fort* pursue—
To mind his landscape have the modest grace—
Yet there, sometimes, are nature's tints despised:
I wish them more attended to, and prized,
Instead of trumpery that usurps their place.

"The expression and truth of nature in the Girl and Pigs," remarks Northcote, "were never surpassed. Sir Joshua was struck with it, though he thought Gainsborough ought to have made her a beauty." Reynolds, indeed, became the purchaser of the painting at one hundred guineas, Gainsborough asking but sixty. During its exhibition, it is said to have attracted the attention of a countryman, who remarked "they be deadly like pigs, but nobody ever saw pigs feeding together but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

The picture of Col. St. Leger, one of the associates of George IV, when Prince of Wales, now "gibbetted" at Hampton Court, is certainly among the finest of Gainsborough's portraits—not inferior to that of General Honywood, which it somewhat resembles in design and treatment. Were it not for the lapse of time between the execution of the two pictures, we should have thought the horses in both had been painted from the same animal. Horace Walpole has characterised the portrait as, "like, but the lower parts too

small in proportion." To our less critical judgment, perfect symmetry appears to prevail throughout.

An artist of some merit and considerable ingenuity, named Loutherbourg, who had been much employed by Garrick about Drury Lane theatre, during this year (1782) formed an exhibition of moving pictures, which he called the Eidophusikon, or a representation of nature. Though himself nurtured amid the romantic regions of the Pyrenees, he maintained that no English landscape painter needed foreign travel to collect grand prototypes for his study. The lakes of Cumberland, the rugged scenery of North Wales, and the mountainous grandeur of Scotland, furnished, he said, inexhaustible subjects for the pencil. At that period, it was the general opinion that the picturesque was confined to the Continent, and the object of Loutherbourg's exhibition was, therefore, to show the beauty of our own country. Gainsborough's sympathies were so completely enlisted, that for a time he talked of nothing else, and passed his evenings at the exhibition in long succession. He was, indeed, an enthusiastic encourager of every scheme for the improvement of his art, and himself loved to experimentalise. When a

Mr. Jarvis made an exhibition of some stained glass, Gainsborough was so impressed with its beauty that he immediately began to construct an apparatus that should diffuse a similar splendour on the productions of his pencil. This ingenious piece of mechanism is described as consisting "of a number of glass planes, which were moveable, and were painted by himself, representing various subjects, chiefly landscapes. They were lighted by candles at the back, and viewed through a magnifying lens, by which means the effect produced was truly captivating; the moonlight pieces, especially, exhibiting the most perfect resemblance to nature."*

* From an article in the "Somerset House Gazette," of April 10th, 1824, entitled "Exhibition of Drawings, Soho Square," we extract the following: "We shall first notice a novelty, which doubtless will excite general attention. Two moonlights by Gainsborough, exhibited by an artificial light . . . . . These extraordinary works were bequeathed to his daughter, from whom the present proprietor, Dr. Monro, purchased them.

'1st.—*The Cottage.*—Representing a most powerful effect of *firelight* in the interior. The artist has given considerable interest to this subject by introducing the cottager opening the door: the contrast between the light of the cottage and that of the moon, excites the most pleasing associations in the mind,' etc.

'3rd.—*A Moonlight Scene.*—The moon has just risen above the hills, and is brilliantly reflected in the rippling stream. A few sheep scattered in the foreground, add to the beauty of the scene.' We may add of our own knowledge, that Gainsborough in his latter years, was in the habit of sketching designs for the Show-box Exhibition, from which these transparencies are selected, whilst his intimate friends, who in an evening stroll, calling upon him, sat and sipped their tea."

In 1783, Gainsborough contributed to the Academy the following paintings: *Portrait of Sir Charles Gould; A landscape; Portrait of Lord Cornwallis; Portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire; Portraits of the Royal Family,* fifteen in number, but heads only;* *Two Shepherd's Boys, with Dogs Fighting; Portrait of Mrs. Sheridan; Portrait of the Duke of Northumberland,* in Garter robes; *Portrait of Lord Sandwich,* a whole length, with a view of Greenwich; *A sea-piece, a calm; Portrait of Sir Harbord Harbord,* now in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich; and a *Portrait of Mr. Ramus.* Peter Pindar, as might be expected, was very facetious on the Portraits of the Royal Family —"a nest of royal heads," he styles the picture. In the Boys, with Dogs Fighting, he accuses Gainsborough of plagiarism:

> Thy dogs are good!—but yet to make thee stare,
> The piece hath gained a number of deriders—
> They tell thee, genius in it had no share,
> But that thou foully stol'st the curs from Snyders.†

* The King and the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Prince William, Princess Royal, Prince Edward, Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, Prince Ernest, Prince Augustus Frederick, Prince Adolphus, Princess Mary, Princess Sophia, Prince Octavius, and Prince Alfred. "The King," says Walpole, "a most unfavourable likeness. The Prince of Wales, very like and the best of the set. The Princess Elizabeth, the next best; most of the rest inanimate. Prince Frederic wanting in the set."

† That Gainsborough was a great admirer of Snyders may be gathered from the fact of his having in his possession four of the Fleming's paintings.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,
For to be plain, there's nothing in't—
The man who scorns to do it is a log—
An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
Were modesty, one might suppose;
But, zounds! thou must not smuggle the *whole dog*.

The satirist again counsels him not to forsake landscape:

O Gainsborough! Nature 'plaineth sore,
That thou hast kicked her out of door,
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
To cull such genius out for thee—
Ló! all thy efforts without her are vain!
Go, find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Of the merits of the picture of the Boys, with Dogs Fighting, we are unable to speak. Lord Orford says it "wanted harmony." Its design, to judge from the print, is excellent: the expression of roguish satisfaction on the face of the owner of the victorious dog, and the encounter of the two animals, are genuine touches of nature.

In the portrait of Mrs. Sheridan, Gainsborough has given us some idea of that beauty which Madame D'Arblay said surpassed almost any she had ever seen, and Reynolds thought nearly divine. Here, there is the same refinement, the same elegance, the same exalted purity, as in her picture in the Dulwich Gallery. Gainsborough had seen Maria Sheridan in all the freedom of friendly inter-

course; he had often watched the wondrous grace of her slight form; he had been charmed with her gentleness, her modesty, her feminine sweetness; and for one who was "half-way between a woman and an angel," he could find no canopy so appropriate as the heaven above, no footstool so fitting as the green-sward beneath.

The picture of Sir Harbord Harbord, first Lord Suffield, many years one of the members for Norwich, was painted at the expense of the most influential inhabitants of that city, "in testimony of their gratitude for his uninfluenced conduct in parliament and assiduous attention to their public and commercial interests." In design, Sir Harbord's portrait is similar to that of Garrick. His dress is somewhat fanciful—a coat of lively green trimmed with gold lace, and a waistcoat as red as the far-famed vest of Cobbett. These colors, however, are foiled by the brown tints of a tree overhanging the urn against which the Baronet leans. His face is a fine specimen of coloring, and the poise of his figure is most graceful.

On the closing of the Exhibition, Gainsborough resolved to rest awhile from the fatigues of portrait painting, and to gather

materials for future landscapes, amid the beautiful scenery of the Lakes. He was accompanied by Mr. Kilderbee of Ipswich, who describes the Painter as "a most delightful companion." In high spirits, Gainsborough thus announces his intention to his friend, Mr. Pearce:

"*Kew Green,*

"Dear Sir,

"I don't know if I told you that I'm going along with a Suffolk friend to visit the Lakes in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and purpose when I come back to show you that your Grays and Dr. Brownes were tawdry fan-painters. I purpose to mount all the Lakes at the next Exhibition, in the great style—and you know if the people don't like them, 'tis only jumping into one of the deepest of them from off a wooded Island, and my reputation will be fixed for ever.

"I took the liberty of sending you a little Perry out of Worcestershire, and when the weather settles in hot again, should be much obliged if you and Mrs. P—— would drink a little of it and fancy it Champagne for my sake.

"I doubt whether I can shake you by the hand before I go, but when I come back, I'll shake you by the collar, if you'll promise to keep your hands still.

"Believe me, Dear Sir,

"Most sincerely yours,

"THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Before the Exhibition of 1784 opened to the public, Gainsborough had jumped from no less a height than Somerset House. One of the Journals of the day shall enlighten the reader:

"*April 23rd*, 1784—An event has taken place which must concern every admirer of the Fine Arts in this kingdom. The celebrated *Mr. Gainsborough*, whose labours have so much contributed to enrich the Royal Academy for several seasons past, has been under the necessity of withdrawing his performances from this year's exhibition! The occasion of this step, it is said, was a refusal on the part of the Academical Council, to hang one particular picture in a situation capable of shewing its effect! A number of portraits and other paintings were left to the

discretion of the hangers, on the condition that this numerical picture had some indulgence shewn it; but the arbiters who composed the inquisition of taste, were regardless of the request, and decreed that it should be fixed at an established height, called the full-length line. A wretched rule indeed! which judges of a painting by the size of the canvas, and not by the degree of coloring; the softness or strength of which ought only to determine the light in which it should be placed!"

"*April 24th*—Mr. Gainsborough's picture, which the Royal Academy Inquisition have refused to hang agreeable to his wishes, contains the *Portraits of the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth*, at full length. It was painted for the Prince of Wales's state-room in Carleton Palace, for a height already ascertained, as the frame which is to receive it is formed in the panels. The requisition the Artist made, to hang it at the same height in the Exhibition-room, ought surely to have been attended to in so particular an instance, particularly when it is remembered that the coloring is tender and delicate, so that the effect must be destroyed by an injudicious elevation."

Gainsborough never again sent any paintings to the Academy. His conduct in this matter cannot be too strongly censured. He knew the difficulties attending the arrangement of the pictures; and he ought to have respected the laws and regulations of the Institution to which he belonged.

Shortly after his dispute with the Academy, Gainsborough formed an exhibition of his own works at his house in Pall Mall, but met with as little encouragement as Mr. Hone had done under similar circumstances. To divert the current of his thoughts, he paid a visit to his native town. From the personal recollections of a lady until recently living in Sudbury, we learn that he was a guest at her father's house, and that he taught his hospitable host the seductive lesson which Hamlet promised to teach Horatio during his visit to Elsinore. Our venerable informant described Gainsborough as creating quite a sensation when he made his appearance in a rich suit of drab, with laced ruffles, and cocked hat. In that lady's judgment, Gainsborough was "gay, very gay, and good-looking." The remembrance of his arrival in Sudbury to exercise his elective franchise as a free burgess of the borough is still preserved: from his recorded votes—

and we may assume that these at least were free from undue influence—he appears to have been a Tory of the old school.

Among those who sat to Gainsborough in the year 1784, was Mrs. Siddons, "in the prime of her glorious beauty and in the full blaze of her popularity." The portrait, a three-quarters length, is worthy of the reputations of both. Mrs. Siddons is seated; her face appears rather more than in profile; she wears a black hat and feathers and a blue and buff striped silk dress—the mixture of the two colors where the folds throw them in a mass, resembling dark sea-water with sunshine on it. "A more exquisitely graceful, refined, and harmonious picture," says Mrs. Fanny Kemble, "I have never seen; the delicacy and sweetness, combined with the warmth and richness, of the coloring, make it a very peculiar picture." Mrs. Jamieson observes: "Two years before the death of Mrs. Siddons, I remember seeing her when seated near this picture, and looking from one to the other; it was like her still, at the age of seventy." Gainsborough, however, found some difficulty in delineating her features—the nose, especially; after repeatedly altering its shape, he exclaimed, "Confound the nose, there's no end to it."

To about this period may be assigned one of Gainsborough's most charming fancy pictures, now in the possession of Mr. Gainsborough Dupont of Sudbury: the circumstances connected with its history are interesting. One day, in high good humour, Gainsborough offered his nephew and pupil, Mr. Dupont, the choice of any picture in the painting room. *The Mushroom Girl*, although in an advanced stage, was not quite finished, and the young painter judiciously selected that picture as affording him an opportunity of observing how his uncle laid on his colors, and proceeded to the completion of his works. The story of Cymon and Iphigenia might have suggested its subject. A rustic beauty has been gathering mushrooms, and wearied with her ramble, she has fallen asleep beneath the shade of a rugged elm. Her head rests upon her arm—a gleam of sunshine, piercing through the leaves of the tree, gives a still more lovely bloom to her cheek. A young peasant stands near, amazed at so much loveliness: it seems as if he would have spoken, but

> An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
> Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.

A little terrier looks up at the intruder as if he too feared to wake his mistress, by the

evident duty of barking. In our admiration of the charming design of this picture, we lose sight of its unfinished portion.

During the summer months, Gainsborough had lodgings at Richmond, and spent his mornings and evenings in sketching its picturesque scenery. When in his walks he saw any peasant children that struck his fancy, he would send them to his painting room, leaving with their parents very substantial proofs of his liberality. On one occasion he met with a boy named John Hill, on whom nature had bestowed a more than ordinary share of good looks, with an intelligence rarely found in a woodman's cottage. Gainsborough looked at the boy with a painter's eye, and, acting as usual from the impulse of the moment, offered to take him home, and provide for his future welfare. Jack Hill, as Gainsborough always called him, was at once arrayed in his Sunday best and sent with the gentleman, laden with as many virtuous precepts as would "have filled a copy-book." Mrs. Gainsborough was delighted with the boy, and the young ladies equally rejoiced in such a good-looking addition to their establishment—Mrs. Fischer, indeed, talked of adopting him. But, whether like the wild

Indian of the prairie, Jack pined for the unrestrained freedom of his native woods—the blackberries and the roasted sloes; or, what is more likely, feared chastisement for his many ungrateful doings, after a brief trial, he ran away, and though brought back and forgiven by his kind-hearted master, he wilfully threw away a much better chance than Dick Whittington started with, on his romantic journey to the thrice repeated city sovereignty. At Gainsborough's death, his widow kindly procured for Jack an admission into Christ's Hospital. Here we lose sight of the boy; he is, however, immortalised by the Painter's pencil, and amongst all Gainsborough's studies of peasant children, Jack is distinguished by his personal beauty.

Music now, more than ever, exerted its power over Gainsborough. Smith, the biographer of Nollekens, gives the following account of a visit in early life to the Painter's studio, in company with the eccentric sculptor. "Upon our arrival at Mr. Gainsborough's, the artist was listening to a violin, and held up his finger to Mr. Nollekens as a request for silence. Colonel Hamilton (who was not only looked upon as one of the first amateur violin-players, but also one of the first gentlemen

pugilists) was playing to him in so exquisite a style, that Gainsborough exclaimed, 'Now, my dear Colonel, if you will but go on, I will give you that picture of the *Boy at the Stile* which you have so often wished to purchase of me.' Mr. Gainsborough not knowing how long Nollekens would hold his tongue, gave him a book of sketches to choose two from, which he had promised him. As Gainsborough's versatile fancy was at this period devoted to music, his attention was so rivetted to the tones of the violin that for nearly half an hour he was motionless; after which the Colonel requested that a hackney-coach might be sent for, wherein he carried off the picture. Mr. Gainsborough, after he had given Mr. Nollekens the two drawings he had selected, requested him to look at a model of an ass's head which he had just made. 'You should model more with your thumbs,' observed Nollekens; 'thumb it about, till you get it into shape.'—'What,' said Gainsborough, 'in this manner?' having taken up a bit of clay; and looking at a picture of Abel's Pomeranian Dog which hung over the chimney-piece —'this way?' 'Yes,' said Nollekens, 'you'll do a great deal more with your thumbs.' Mr. Gainsborough, by whom I was standing, ob-

served to me, 'You enjoyed the music, my little fellow, and I am sure you long for this model; there, I will give it to you;'—and I am delighted with it still."

Smith also relates, that the sight of a letter written by an elegant penman, pleased Gainsborough beyond expression. "I recollect being with him one day, when the servant brought him one from his schoolmaster in Suffolk, which, after reading, he held at a distance, as John Bridge, the Jeweller, would a necklace, first inclining his head upon one shoulder and then on the other; after which he put it upon the lower part of his easel, and frequently glanced at it during the time he was scraping the colours together upon his palette." That a painter would derive pleasure from a beautiful specimen of penmanship, similar to that afforded by a fine picture, there is little doubt—Constable was a great admirer of good penmanship; it was the only thing he is said to have excelled in at school. But the spell which arrested Gainsborough's attention, in the letter from his old schoolmaster at Sudbury, lay, not in the beauty of the writing, for we have ample means of knowing that there was no beauty in it, but in its power of awakening old recollections. As he read the

well-remembered characters, the shadow of the sun-dial went back; he was a boy once more—"Give Tom a holiday," stood out in his dead father's imitated hand, as vividly as the writing on the palace wall. When, in the meridian of his fame, he laid the letter on his easel, and glanced his eye upon it as he mixed his colors; the quaint carvings on the ancient walls of his native town—his first group of trees, presented to his early patron —Tom pear-tree's portrait, sketched in life's cloudless morning—

> Those sunny hours when forth he went,
> Wandering in weariless content,
> His father's house so free from care,
> And the familiar faces there,—

these were all called up by that welcome letter, and passed before him like the shadowy figures in Banquo's glass.

"It was one of Gainsborough's peculiarities," says Allan Cunningham, "that he never put his name to any of his compositions, and very seldom even the date."* We believe, however, that the *View in the Mall of St. James's Park* was painted in the year 1786. "You would suppose," observes Northcote

* Edwards tells us, that he "has seen one or two drawings which were distinguished by a mark in gold letter, which Gainsborough had himself applied by the same process that is used by book-binders in the decorations of their book-covers."

in his "Conversations," as recorded by Hazlitt, "it would be stiff and formal, with the straight rows of trees and people sitting on benches—it is all in motion and in a flutter like a lady's fan. Watteau is not half so airy." Most of the figures are portraits, and Gainsborough has introduced his own,—sketching the gay assemblage.

In the early part of the year 1787, Gainsborough painted that famous picture of *The Woodman in the Storm*, which won especial praise from George III, and so much public admiration. It remained unsold until after Gainsborough's death, although only his portrait price—one hundred guineas—was demanded. Lord Gainsborough then became its purchaser for the sum of five hundred guineas: the painting was subsequently destroyed by fire. Peter Simon's print, and Mr. Lane's copy of the sketch, show the great merits of the work. The awe depicted on the Woodman's face, as, glancing upwards, he seems to "hear God in winds, and see Him in the storm,"—the fear evinced by the dog, crouching close to its master, yet unable to turn its gaze from the descending rain and lightning's flash—must, with Gainsborough's power of coloring, have formed a splendid

subject. Smith informs us, that Mrs. Gainsborough gave him, after her husband's death, a small model of the Woodman's head, made by Gainsborough from the man who had stood for the picture. "It exhibits," he says, "all the vigour of Vandyke."

A similar picture, of somewhat earlier execution, is *The Shepherd's Boy in the Shower*, which Northcote thought even superior to the Woodman. Hazlitt speaks of its design in terms of the highest commendation: "I remember being once driven by a shower of rain for shelter into a picture-dealer's shop in Oxford Street, where there stood on the floor a copy of Gainsborough's Shepherd Boy with the thunder storm coming on. What a truth and beauty was there! He stands with his hands clasped, looking up with a mixture of timidity and resignation, eyeing a magpie chattering over his head, while the wind is rustling in the branches. It was like a vision breathed on the canvas." Gainsborough, however, committed a singular mistake in placing the shepherd boy on the wrong side of the hedge, so that the rain is blowing full upon him —a mistake which Earlom has perpetuated in his fine engraving of the picture.*

* We have not been able to trace this painting, but the error appears in the original study.

Two of Gainsborough's favorite and later works were *The Cottage Door*, and *The Cottage Girl with her Dog and Pitcher*. The former, represents "a cottage matron with an infant in her arms, and several older children around her, enjoying themselves at the door of a little rustic cabin. This lodge in the wilderness is deeply shut up in a close wooded nook; through the shafts of the trees, glimpses of knolls and streams are obtained. There is uncommon breadth and mass about it, with a richness of coloring, a sort of brown and glossy goldenness, which is common in the works of the artist. The matron herself is the perfect *beau ideal* of a youthful cottage dame—rustic loveliness exalted by natural gentility of expression." Mr. Britton, in his "Fine Arts of the English School," published in 1813, wherein appears a magnificent engraving by Scott of The Cottage Door, makes some interesting observations concerning it: "The picture may be said to be as strictly poetical as Thomson's Seasons; and, like that exquisite poem, is calculated to delight every person who studies it attentively and feelingly. Its late proprietor (Mr. Coppin) justly says, that it possesses all the rich coloring of Rubens; the thinness, yet force and brilliancy of Vandyke; the silvery tone of Teniers; the

depth and simplicity of Ruysdael; and the apparent finishing of Wynants."

The Cottage Girl with her Dog and Pitcher, is no less admirable in design and treatment —"unequalled," says Mr. Leslie, "by anything of the kind in the world. I recollect it at the British Gallery, forming part of a very noble assemblage of pictures, and I could scarcely look at or think of anything else in the rooms. This inimitable work is a portrait, and not of a peasant child, but of a young lady, who appears also in his picture of the girl and pigs, which Sir Joshua purchased."

One of Gainsborough's few sea-pieces— Mrs. Jamieson says that he painted but four —was executed towards the close of his career. "He never pretended," observes Jackson, "to the correctness of rigging, etc., but I have seen some general effects of sea, sea-coast, and vessels, that have been truly masterly." Gainsborough usually introduced the sea and a ship by way of back-ground to his portraits of sailors, as in those of Admiral Vernon, Capt. Augustus Hervey, and Capt. Roberts, the companion of Cook in his last voyage round the world. The sea-piece, we have mentioned, is described in Carey's Catalogue of the Leicester Gallery, as *A Sea-shore with*

Boats and Figures. "Two fisher-boys, preparing to cast their nets, are standing together on the fore-ground; a tub is beside them, and some fish scattered on the sands. The sea rolls into this sheltered bay, close to the fore-ground. To the left, near a high over-hanging rock, a fisher-boy, on a dry point of the beach, is pushing off a boat, in which two others are seated, pulling at the oars, and another standing close to the off-side of the boat, in the water, assisting in the launch. Two lug-sail boats are scudding before the wind. A mountainous shore terminates the distance in the centre, and a line of the ocean forms the horizon to the right. The sky is open and airy, with silvery clouds in motion, and in harmony with the waves. Their tender tints are delicately opposed to the sunny light on the rocks in the middle ground. The sea forms a mass of half-shadow next the fore-ground, from which the two fisher-boys are relieved with much spirit. The whole fore-ground appears like one dark sweep of the brush, and this shadow spreads up the beach, and is connected with that on the rock above. The warm and bright daylight is abroad. The refreshing summer-breeze ripples the waves. The sails swell and the

surges curl, and the white foam breaks about the boats, as they cut the water, on their coasting destination. A few objects, bold in their forms, large in their masses, simple in their character, and touched with a graceful negligence, which seems to disdain the entering into particulars, constitute the enchantment of this picture * * * He had painted two fisher-boys in the right corner; but, perceiving that his fore-ground, in this case, would be defective in form, and too scanty as a balance of shadow against the breadth of light on the sea and sky, he, with a stroke or two of his brush, swept over the boys, and made a rock rise in their place."

To the early part of the year 1787, Allan Cunningham assigns the following characteristic incident: "Gainsborough was a welcome visitor at the table of Sir George Beaumont, a gentleman of graceful manners, who lived in old English dignity, and was, besides, a lover of literature and a painter of landscape. The latter loved to relate a curious anecdote of Gainsborough, which marks the unequal spirits of the man, and shows that he was the slave of wayward impulses which he could neither repress nor command. Sir George Beaumont, Sheridan,

and Gainsborough, had dined together, and the latter was more than usually pleasant and witty. The meeting was so much to their mutual satisfaction that they agreed to have another day's happiness, and accordingly an early day was named when they should dine again together. They met, but a cloud had descended upon the spirit of Gainsborough, and he sat silent, with a look of fixed melancholy, which no wit could dissipate. At length he took Sheridan by the hand, led him out of the room, and said, 'Now don't laugh, but listen. I shall die soon—I know it—I feel it —I have less time to live than my looks infer —but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this—I have many acquaintances and few friends; and as I wish to have one worthy man to accompany me to the grave, I am desirous of bespeaking you—will you come—aye or no?' Sheridan could scarcely repress a smile, as he made the required promise; the looks of Gainsborough cleared up like the sunshine of one of his own landscapes; throughout the rest of the evening his wit flowed, and his humour ran over, and the minutes, like those of the poet, winged their way with pleasure."

In February, 1788, commenced the trial

of Warren Hastings. That memorable event which "gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art," allured Gainsborough from his easel. "Sitting with his back to an open window, he suddenly felt something inconceivably cold touch his neck. It was accompanied with stiffness and pain. On returning home he mentioned what he felt to his wife and his niece; and on looking they saw a mark, about the size of a shilling, which was harder to the touch than the surrounding skin, and which, he said, still felt cold." Mrs. Gainsborough became alarmed, and called in Dr. Heberden, and Mr. John Hunter. They declared, however, that it was nothing more than a swelling in the glands which the warm weather would remove. That Gainsborough himself thought little of the malady will be seen from a note to his friend, Mr. Pearce, which, unfortunately, bears no other date than the day of the week:

"*Wed. Morning.*

"My dear Pearce,

"I am extremely obliged to you and Mrs. Pearce for your kind enquiries; I

hope I am now getting better, as the swelling is considerably increased and more painful. We have just received some cheeses from Bath, and beg the favor of you to accept two of them.

"My dear Pearce,

"Ever yours sincerely,

"THO^{S}. GAINSBOROUGH."

Thinking change of air and scene might be beneficial, he left London for his cottage at Richmond; but more decisive symptoms appearing, he again returned to Town. A suppuration taking place soon after, Mr. Hunter acknowledged the protuberance to be a cancer. "If this be a cancer," said Gainsborough to Mrs. Gibbon who had arrived from Bath, "I am a dead man." Other physicians were then consulted; they all confirmed Mr. Hunter's opinion.* Gainsborough, with per-

* There is some little discrepancy in the accounts of the cause of Gainsborough's death. An obituary notice in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August 1788, states it to have been "occasioned by a wen in the neck, which grew internally, and so large as to obstruct the passages;" further on, Mr. Hunter is said to have "acknowledged the protuberance to be a cancer." To an article in the "European Magazine" for the same month, is appended the following note: "Mr. Gainsborough's disorder was a wen, and not a cancer, as before erroneously stated, which grew internally, and so large as to obstruct the passages. This, it is said, his surgeons knew, but knew at the same time it was fatal to attempt to cut it. It has, however, been extracted since his decease, and put in again."

fect composure, proceeded to arrange his affairs; bequeathing his property, which was not large, to his wife and unmarried daughter; Mrs. Fischer being left to some extent dependant on the discretion of her mother and sister. Mrs. Gainsborough was appointed executrix, and Mr. Kilderbee "overseer" of the will.

Towards the close of July, Gainsborough became rapidly worse. There was one whom he felt he had not treated with courtesy—it was Sir Joshua Reynolds. The President's unfinished portrait seemed to look reproachfully upon him; and the feeling that there was between them, the relationship of genius, induced him to write to Sir Joshua, desiring to see him once more before he died. "If any little jealousies had subsisted between us," says Reynolds, "they were forgotten, in those moments of sincerity; and he turned towards me as one who was engrossed by the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion, by being sensible of his excellence." It is a solemn scene, that death chamber—the two great Painters, side by side, forgetful of the past, but not unmindful of the future. Gainsborough says that he fears not death; that his regret at losing life, is principally the regret

of leaving his art, more especially as he now began to see what his deficiencies were, which he thought in his last works were in some measure supplied. The wave of life heaves to and fro. Reynolds bends his dull ear to catch Gainsborough's failing words: "We are all going to Heaven—and Vandyke is of the company." A few days after, at about two o'clock in the morning of the 2nd of August, 1788, in the sixty-second year of his age, Gainsborough died.

It had been his own wish, "to be privately buried in Kew churchyard, near the grave of his friend Joshua Kirby; that a stone, without either arms or ornament, might be placed over him, inscribed with his bare name, and containing space for the names of such of his family, who, after his death, might wish to take up their abode with him,* and that his funeral might be as private as possible, attended only by a few of those friends he most respected." On the 9th of August, his remains were borne from his house in Pall Mall to Kew. Mr. Dupont attended as chief mourner. The pall was sustained by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Cham-

* His wife, who died December 17th, 1798, and his nephew, Mr. Dupont, are interred in the same grave.

bers, West, Bartalozzi, Paul Sandby, and Mr. Cotes—West was at this period so engrossed in the execution of his Windsor pictures that his attendance was mentioned as something extraordinary. Among the mourners, were Linley, the musician, Myers, the miniature painter, Kirby's son-in-law, Mr. Trimmer, and—saddest of them all—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

In person, Gainsborough was handsome, of a fair complexion, regular features, tall, and well-proportioned. His forehead, although not high, was broad and strongly marked, his nose Roman, his mouth and eye denoting humour and refinement—the general expression of his face, thoughtful, yet not altogether pleasant. The most casual observer would have seen that much lay there; one gifted with greater insight would have said also, that *something* was wanting there; few could have affirmed *what*. Gainsborough executed several portraits of himself, two of which stood in his gallery at the time of his death, but with their faces modestly turned towards the wainscot. Miss Gainsborough gave one to the Royal Academy—its members presenting her with a silver vase, designed by West, "as a token of respect to the abilities of her

Father." This vase is now in the possession of the Painter's great-nephew, the Rev. Gainsborough Gardiner, of Worcester.

Gainsborough's nature was generous, impulsive, enthusiastic. When Thicknesse stopped him on his way to the theatre, and told him the story of the friendless and forsaken woman, the tear started to his eye, he "*could not*" go till he had contributed to her necessities. Like Honeywood, in Goldsmith's play, his bounty not unfrequently partook of weakness. Money and pictures were bestowed inconsiderately. He presented twenty drawings to one lady, who was so ignorant of their value that she pasted them on the wall of her dressing-room; and gave Colonel Hamilton the "Boy at the Stile" for playing a solo on the violin. His impulsiveness was occasionally attended with unpleasant results. Being very much struck with Velasquez's portrait of the young Duke of Asturias, now in the Dulwich Gallery, he said to the servant of its possessor, Mr. Agar, "Tell your master, I will give him a thousand pounds for that picture." The message was delivered, and Mr. Agar, thinking the offer advantageous, sent Gainsborough word that he might have the painting on those terms. Gainsborough,

very much confused, was compelled to acknowledge that, however he might admire it, he could not afford to give so large a sum.

Caprice had a considerable share in Gainsborough's constitution. He requested Reynolds to sit for his portrait; Sir Joshua complied, but was, soon after, obliged to leave London from ill health. On his return, he informed Gainsborough of his convalescence, who only answered that he was glad to hear Sir Joshua had recovered; and never again touched the picture. We have the testimony of Northcote, however, that Gainsborough was not always wanting in respect to the President of the Academy, for he tells us, Gainsborough remarked, that "Sir Joshua's pictures in their most decayed state, were better than those of any other artist when in their best." There was naturally a spirit of rivalry between the two painters, to which circumstances probably contributed. Gainsborough, a Tory, be it remembered, was patronised by George III, who employed him in the execution of the famous Windsor portraits, when Reynolds was in the zenith of his fame: Sir Joshua, whose political opinions were more liberal, was a favorite of the Prince of Wales and of the

Fox family, and, possibly for that reason, was neglected by the King. But, we believe, the natures of both artists were cast in too noble a mould to admit of petty personal animosities—each regarded the other as a "foeman worthy of his steel." Reynolds once observed to Northcote, after attentively contemplating a picture by Gainsborough, "I cannot make out how he produces his effect;" and Gainsborough, when looking over one of the Academy's exhibitions, in company with Sir George Beaumont, in which there was an unusual number of Reynolds's works, exclaimed, as he glanced from one to another, "D—n him, how various he is." It is said that Gainsborough's capriciousness showed itself in his treatment of the members of the Academy; that he neglected to attend their meetings, and took no part in their proceedings. In private, he was, nevertheless, ever ready to advise the student. The biographer of Sir Francis Bourgeois relates, that in early life, Sir Francis was offered a commission in the army, but having a predilection for the Arts, and some of his drawings being shown to Gainsborough, he, by his approbation, determined him in his course of life.

The great defect in Gainsborough's charac-

ter was a want of that evenness of temper which Reynolds so abundantly possessed. It was a maxim with Sir Joshua never to regard, or be affected by, small things. He would have painted the dimple in the Alderman's chin; and had any one enquired in Leicester Fields—"Has that fellow Reynolds finished my portrait?" he would have "shifted his trumpet and only took snuff." Gainsborough was equal to an emergency, but could not bring his philosophy to bear on trivial occasions. A conceited sitter, an ill-dressed dinner, a relative visiting him in a hackney coach, disturbed his equanimity; yet when his daughter formed a matrimonial engagement without consulting him, he was calm and collected, unwilling, he says, to "have the cause of unhappiness lay upon his conscience." He has been accused of malevolence, but to such a feeling, his heart was a stranger. Soon angry, he was soon appeased, and if he was the first to offend, he was the first to atone. Whenever he spoke crossly to his wife, a remarkably sweet-tempered woman, he would write a note of repentance, sign it with the name of his favorite dog, "Fox," and address it to his Margaret's pet spaniel, "Tristram." Fox would take the note

in his mouth and duly deliver it to Tristram. Margaret would then answer—"My own dear Fox, you are always loving and good, and I am a naughty little female ever to worry you as I too often do, so we will kiss and say no more about it; your own affectionate, Tris."

For books, Gainsborough cared little; in one of his letters he says that he "was well read in the volume of nature, and that was learning sufficient for him." The society of the thoughtful and the wise was not more to his taste. Although he knew Johnson and Burke, he preferred the company of Sheridan, Henderson, Abel, and Fischer. His conversation was extremely lively, bordering sometimes on licentiousness; his favorite subjects were music and painting, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. Few were more successful in repartee. He was once examined as a witness on a trial respecting the originality of a picture, and a counsellor endeavoured to puzzle him by saying, "I observe you lay great stress on a 'Painter's eye'—what do you mean by that expression?" "A Painter's eye," answered Gainsborough, "is to him what a lawyer's tongue is to you."

Whatever may have been Gainsborough's

failings, they vanished when he stood to his easel. If he was often wanting in judgment, he was always wise as an Artist, for he never attempted any style of work in which he was unable to succeed. If he was occasionally sensual, he never profaned his genius, nor was his Art sacrificed to his prodigality. And if we cannot accord to him the praise of having overcome the infirmities of the flesh, we may at least rejoice that the immortal spirit was not overcome by them.

CHAPTER VII.

Reynolds's Tribute.

About four months after Gainsborough's death, on the evening of December 10th, 1788, the Students of the Royal Academy were assembled in the large upper room in Somerset House, to hear the Fourteenth Discourse of Sir Joshua Reynolds. There were also assembled many men illustrious in Art and Letters, for somehow it had become known that the burden of the President's Discourse was to be—"The character of Gainsborough: his excellencies and defects."

Having shown the importance of variety in the choice of examples for the students' instruction; that by summoning before them only those long dead, reverence for great names might prevent that exercise of the

judgment so essential to improvement; that it was, therefore, sometimes desirable to consider the efforts of those whom time had not consecrated, and whose works while they excited reverence did not repress emulation, Sir Joshua said—"We have lately lost Mr. Gainsborough, one of the greatest ornaments of our Academy. It is not our business here, to make Panegyrics on the living, or even on the dead who were of our body. The praise of the former might bear the appearance of adulation; and the latter of untimely justice; perhaps of envy to those whom we have still the happiness to enjoy, by an oblique suggestion of invidious comparisons. In discoursing, therefore, on the talents of the late Mr. Gainsborough, my object is, not so much to praise or to blame him, as to draw from his excellencies and defects, matter of instruction to the Students in our Academy. If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name.

"It would not be to the present purpose," continued Reynolds, after making a few de-

preciatory remarks on the productions of the Artists of the later Roman School, "even if I had the means and materials, which I have not, to enter into the private life of Mr. Gainsborough. The history of his gradual advancement, and the means by which he acquired such excellence in his art, would come nearer to our purposes and wishes, if it were by any means attainable; but the slow progress of advancement is in general imperceptible to the man himself who makes it; it is the consequence of an accumulation of various ideas which his mind has received, he does not perhaps know how or when. Sometimes indeed it happens, that he may be able to mark the time when from the sight of a picture, a passage in an author, or a hint in conversation, he has received, as it were, some new and guiding light, something like inspiration, by which his mind has been expanded; and is morally sure that his whole life and conduct has been affected by that accidental circumstance. Such interesting accounts, we may however sometimes obtain from a man who has acquired an uncommon habit of self-examination, and has attended to the progress of his own improvement.

"It may not be improper to make mention

of some of the customs and habits of this extraordinary man; points which come more within the reach of an observer; I however mean such only as are connected with his art, and indeed were, as I apprehend, the causes of his arriving to that high degree of excellence, which we see and acknowledge in his works. Of these causes we must state, as the fundamental, the love which he had to his art; to which, indeed, his whole mind appears to have been devoted, and to which every thing was referred; and this we may fairly conclude from various circumstances of his life, which were known to his intimate friends. Among others, he had a habit of continually remarking to those who happened to be about him whatever peculiarity of countenance, whatever accidental combination of figure, or happy effects of light and shadow, occurred in prospects, in the sky, in walking the streets, or in company. If, in his walks, he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house: and from the fields he brought into his painting-room, stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds; and designed them not from memory, but immediately from the objects. He even framed a kind of model

of landscapes on his table; composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water.* How far this latter practice may be useful in giving hints, the professors of landscape can best determine. Like every other technical practice, it seems to me wholly to depend on the general talent of him who uses it. Such methods may be nothing better than contemptible and mischievous trifling; or they may be aids. I think, upon the whole, unless we constantly refer to real nature, that practice may be more likely to do harm than good. I mention it only, as it shows the solicitude and extreme activity which he had about every thing that related to his art; that he wished to have his objects embodied as it were, and distinctly before him; that he neglected nothing which could keep his faculties in exercise, and derived hints from every sort of combination.

"We must not forget, whilst we are on this subject, to make some remarks on his

* "He made," says Jackson, "little laymen for human figures, he modelled his horses and cows, and knobs of coal sat for rocks—nay he carried this so far, that he never choose to paint anything from invention, when he could have the objects themselves. The limbs of trees, which he collected, would have made no inconsiderable wood-rick, and many an ass has been led into his painting-room."

custom of painting by night, which confirms what I have already mentioned,—his great affection to his art; since he could not amuse himself in the evening by any other means so agreeable to himself.* I am indeed much inclined to believe that it is a practice very advantageous and improving to an artist: for by this means he will acquire a new and a higher perception of what is great and beautiful in nature. * * * Another practice Gainsborough had, which is worth mentioning, as it is certainly worthy of imitation; I mean his manner of forming all the parts of his picture together; the whole going on at the same time, in the same manner as nature creates her works. Though this method is not uncommon to those who have been regularly educated, yet probably it was suggested to him by his own natural sagacity."

Reynolds then briefly alluded to his last interview with Gainsborough, and thus resumes the thread of his discourse: "When such a man as Gainsborough arrives to great fame, without the assistance of an academical

* "He loved to sit by the side of his wife during the evenings," observes Allan Cunningham, "and make sketches of whatever occurred to his fancy, all of which he threw below the table, save such as were more than commonly happy, and those were preserved, and either finished as sketches or expanded into paintings."

education, without travelling to Italy, or any of those preparatory studies which have been so often recommended, he is produced as an instance, how little such studies are necessary; since so great excellence may be acquired without them. This is an inference not warranted by the success of any individual; and I trust it will not be thought that I wish to make this use of it.

"It must be remembered that the style and department of art which Gainsborough chose, and in which he so much excelled, did not require that he should go out of his own country for the objects of his study; they were every where about him; he found them in the streets, and in the fields, and from the models thus accidentally found, he selected with great judgment such as suited his purpose. As his studies were directed to the living world principally, he did not pay a general attention to the works of the various masters, though they are, in my opinion, always of great use, even when the character of our subject requires us to depart from some of their principles. It cannot be denied, that excellence in the department of the art which he professed may exist without them; that in such subjects, and in the manner that belongs

to them, the want of them is supplied, and more than supplied, by natural sagacity, and a minute observation of particular nature. If Gainsborough did not look at nature with a poet's eye, it must be acknowledged that he saw her with the eye of a painter; and gave a faithful, if not a poetical, representation of what he had before him.*

"Though he did not much attend to the works of the great historical painters of former ages, yet he was well aware that the language of the art—the art of imitation—must be learned somewhere; and as he knew that he could not learn it in an equal degree from his contemporaries, he very judiciously applied himself to the Flemish School, who are undoubtedly the greatest masters of one necessary branch of art; and he did not need to go out of his own country for examples of that school: from that he learnt the harmony of colouring, the management and disposition of light and shadow, and every means which

* "This appears to me," remarks Mrs. Jamieson, "a most narrow restriction of the meaning of the word poetry—allowed by the canons of criticism fashionable in his time, but disallowed in ours. To say that Claude and Nicolo Poussin are poetical landscape painters, because they represented classical and Italian scenery, and that Gainsborough and Hobbima are not, because they represented rustic and home scenery, would be much as if we were to say that Virgil and Milton saw nature with a poet's eye, and that Thomson and Burns did not."

the masters of it practised, to ornament and give splendour to their works. And to satisfy himself as well as others, how well he knew the mechanism and artifice which they employed to bring out that tone of colour which we so much admire in their works, he occasionally made copies from Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck,* which it would be no disgrace to the most accurate connoisseur to mistake, at the first sight, for the works of those masters. What he thus learned, he applied to the originals of nature, which he saw with his own eyes; and imitated, not in the manner of those masters, but in his own.

"Whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy-pictures, it is difficult to determine: whether his portraits were most admirable for exact truth of resemblance, or

* Amongst others, Gainsborough made, from memory, an exquisite reduced copy of Vandyke's picture of the Pembroke Family—"to my mind," says Mr. Leslie, "much finer than the original, in its present state, and I think it possible it may have some finer qualities than the original possessed in any state." The late Mr. Rogers had in his possession a small sketchy picture by Gainsborough, of the Cornaro Family. It was copied from the engraving, the original not being then accessible to him. The coloring, as might be expected, differs materially from the picture at Northumberland House; the sky, instead of being blue, is in Gainsborough's sketch of a golden tone, and the hose of one of the children, which in Titian's picture are red, in Gainsborough's are white; indeed, if we recollect aright, every part of the picture differs in color from the original. Mr. Rogers used to say that Gainsborough had in this respect improved upon Titian.

his landscapes for a portrait-like representation of nature, such as we see in the works of Rubens, Ruysdaal, and others of those schools. In his fancy pictures, when he had fixed on his object of imitation, whether it was the mean and vulgar form of a wood-cutter, or a child of an interesting character, as he did not attempt to raise the one, so neither did he lose any of the natural grace and elegance, of the other; such a grace, and such an elegance, as are more frequently found in cottages than in courts. This excellence was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste; for this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish School, nor indeed to any school; for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature; and there are yet a thousand modes of grace, which are neither theirs, nor his, but lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life, to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers.

"Upon the whole, we may justly say, that whatever he attempted he carried to a high degree of excellence. It is to the credit of his good sense and judgment, that he never did attempt that style of historical painting, for which his previous studies had made no

preparation. * * * Neither did he destroy the character and uniformity of his own style, by the idle affectation of introducing mythological learning in any of his pictures. Of this boyish folly we see instances enough, even in the works of great painters;" etc.

"The peculiarity of his manner, or style, or we may call it—the language in which he expressed his ideas, has been considered by many as his greatest defect. But without altogether wishing to enter into the discussion —whether this peculiarity was a defect or not, intermixed, as it was, with great beauties, of some of which it was probably the cause, it becomes a proper subject of criticism and inquiry to a painter. A novelty and peculiarity of manner, as it is often a cause of our approbation, so likewise it is often a ground of censure; as being contrary to the practice of other painters, in whose manner we have been initiated, and in whose favour we have perhaps been prepossessed from our infancy; for, fond as we are of novelty, we are upon the whole creatures of habit. However, it is certain, that all those odd scratches and marks, which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which even to experienced painters appear rather the effect

of accident than design: this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence. That Gainsborough himself considered this peculiarity in his manner, and the power it possesses of exciting surprise, as a beauty in his works, I think may be inferred from the eager desire which we know he always expressed, that his pictures, at the Exhibition, should be seen near, as well as at a distance.

"The slightness which we see in his best works cannot always be imputed to negligence. However they may appear to superficial observers, painters know very well that a steady attention to the general effect takes up more time, and is much more laborious to the mind, than any mode of high finishing, or smoothness, without such attention.* His *handling, the manner of leaving the colours*, or, in other words, the methods he used for pro-

* "You please me much by saying that no other fault is found in your picture," wrote Gainsborough to the Colchester attorney, "than the roughness of the surface, for that part being of use in giving force to the effect at a proper distance, and what a judge of painting knows an original from a copy by; in short being the touch of the pencil which is *harder to preserve than smoothness*," etc.

ducing the effect, had very much the appearance of the work of an artist who had never learned from others the usual and regular practice belonging to the art; but still, like a man of strong intuitive perception of what was required, he found out a way of his own to accomplish his purpose. * * *

"It must be allowed, that this hatching manner of Gainsborough did very much contribute to the lightness of effect which is so eminent a beauty in his pictures; as, on the contrary, much smoothness, and uniting the colours, is apt to produce heaviness. Every artist must have remarked, how often that lightness of hand which was in his dead colour, or first painting, escaped in the finishing when he had determined the parts with more precision: and another loss he often experiences, which is of greater consequence; whilst he is employed in the detail, the effect of the whole together is either forgotten or neglected. The likeness of a portrait, as I have formerly observed, consists more in preserving the general effect of the countenance, than in the most minute finishing of the features, or any of the particular parts. Now Gainsborough's portraits were often little more, in regard to finishing, or determining the form of the fea-

tures, than what generally attends a dead colour; but as he was always attentive to the general effect, or whole together, I have often imagined that this unfinished manner contributed even to that striking resemblance for which his portraits are so remarkable.† * * *

"Every artist has some favourite part, on which he fixes his attention, and which he pursues with such eagerness, that it absorbs every other consideration; and he often falls into the opposite error of that which he would avoid, which is always ready to receive him. Now Gainsborough, having truly a painter's eye for colouring, cultivated those effects of the art which proceed from colours: and sometimes appears to be indifferent to or to neglect other excellencies. Whatever defects are acknowledged, let him still experience from us the same candour that we so freely give upon similar occasions to the ancient masters; let us not encourage that fastidious disposition, which is discontented with every thing short

† Smith, who frequently saw Gainsborough paint, even when he had sitters before him, observes: "I was much surprised to see him sometimes paint portraits with pencils on sticks full six feet in length, and his method of using them was this: he placed himself and his canvas at a right angle with the sitter, so that he stood still, and touched the features of his picture exactly at the same distance at which he viewed his sitter." Gainsborough admitted very little light into his painting room.

of perfection, and unreasonably require, as we sometimes do, a union of excellencies, not perhaps quite compatible with each other. We may, on this ground, say even of the divine Raffaelle, that he might have finished his picture as highly and as correctly as was his custom, without heaviness of manner; and that Poussin might have preserved all his precision without hardness or dryness."

Sir Joshua Reynolds concluded his Discourse by stating, that Gainsborough sacrificed the greater excellencies of the art to secure that lightness of effect produced by color and by facility of handling—qualities which, he said, were "lesser excellencies;"* declaring that whatever apologies might be made for the want of precision and finishing in the works of him "who so ingeniously contrived to cover his defects by his beauties," yet that students were never to lose sight of the great rules and principles of the art, as they were collected from the full body of the best general practice; and to beware of turning into

* Such facility of handling and power of coloring as Gainsborough possessed, were by no means "lesser excellencies." The author of a Handbook for Young Painters, remarks: "It was perhaps very much from modesty that Reynolds placed the things he so greatly excelled in, lower than I think they should be placed among the attributes of Art. It was natural that he should not think the most highly of what he found so easy."

models any artists, living or dead, lest they became "bad copies of good painters, instead of excellent imitators of the great universal truth of things."

Such was the estimate of Gainsborough's powers delivered by one who had thought much on the subject of art, who had spent a lifetime in its practice, and whose judgment no spirit of rivalry could then influence. Able and comprehensive as that estimate is, there are, nevertheless, some few points to which Sir Joshua did not advert, and there is one, to which he had not the means of adverting. Our brief observations will relate to Gainsborough's progress in the art, to his drawings, and to the designs of his portraits.

As we observed in a former chapter, Gainsborough's advancement in the art was gradual. Even after his removal to Ipswich, anachronisms occasionally appeared in his works. We do not know that, like Reynolds on quitting the studio of Hudson, Gainsborough ever painted a sitter with one hat on his head, and another under his arm, but mistakes no less ludicrous appear in some of his landscapes. In one picture, an owl is perched on a tree in broad daylight; in an-

other, cattle are introduced lying so close to the sea that the next wave must certainly cover them; nor is evidence wanting that he experienced a few of those difficulties in the mastery of perspective, of which the Shepherd in "Noctes Ambrosianæ," complains: "things wunna retire and come forrit as I wush; and the back-grun' will be the fore-grun' whether I will or no." These early works were, however, distinguished for close adherence to local scenery, and minute and careful finishing. Wynants and Ruysdaal, (some of whose pictures he probably found in the mansions of the country gentlemen) were special objects of study. Two of his most elaborate performances, painted for his former master, Hayman, are in the possession of J. H. Hawkins, Esq., of Bignor Park; and tradition affirms that, on completing them, Gainsborough declared, he would "never bestow so much time on pictures again." During these early years, numerous studies of trees were executed; they were both drawn and colored in the open air—in one of them, a young oak is painted leaf for leaf, whilst ferns and grasses are portrayed with microscopic fidelity. Sufficient answer this to Hazlitt's assertion, that Gainsborough "devoted him-

self to the art with a view to soothe and amuse his mind, with the ease of a gentleman, not with the severity of a professional student."

Towards the close of Gainsborough's Ipswich career, this labored attention to details began to disappear, and persons, as we have seen, complained, "how rough the paint lay." Thenceforth his works exhibited, for the most part, greater effect with less apparent pains. The hand rapidly executed, what the mind suddenly conceived. Like the Imaginative Artist, described by Mr. Ruskin,—"The laws of nature he knows; these are to him no restraint. They are his own nature. * * * His journey is over an untrodden and pathless plain—but he sees his end over the waste from the first, and goes straight at it; never losing sight of it nor throwing away a step. Nothing can stop him, nothing turn him aside: falcons and lynxes are of slow and uncertain sight compared with his. He sees his tree, trunk, boughs, foliage, and all, from the first moment; not only the tree, but the sky behind it; not only that tree or sky, but all the other great features of his picture: by what intense power of instantaneous selection and amalgamation cannot be explained."

Gainsborough's extraordinary facility of

handling is seen to most advantage in his drawings and sketches, of which, perhaps, he made more than any other Artist, ancient or modern. "I must have seen at least a thousand," says Jackson, "not one of which but possesses merit, and some in a transcendent degree." They were executed in oil and water-colors, in chalks—black, white, and colored—in lead pencil, sepia, bistre, and Indian ink: indeed, it has been truly said, that there was scarcely any contrivance for picturesque delineation, however eccentric, of which he did not, at one time or other, avail himself. Edwards informs us, that "many of these studies were in black and white, which colors were applied in the following manner: a small bit of sponge tied to a bit of stick, served as a pencil for the shadows, and a small lump of whiting, held by a pair of tea-tongs was the instrument by which the high lights were applied,"—a method of execution to which a lady applied the appropriate epithet of "mopping." Some notion of Gainsborough's freedom of touch in landscape, may be acquired by looking over Laporte and Wells' "Collection of Prints illustrative of English Scenery from the drawings and sketches of Thomas Gainsborough;" of his spirited rendering of

figures, from Mr. Lane's "Studies," wherein the portrait of Gainsborough himself—sketching; Mrs. Sheridan seated on a bank; and the Woodman in the Storm, are magnificently copied. One of Gainsborough's finest drawings is a portrait of Pitt, in crayons, purchased by the Earl of Normanton at the sale of Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures—on the portrait, Sir Thomas has written the words, "unique and inestimable." These studies were executed with marvellous rapidity. Mr. Richmond has a head of young Dupont, in oil, which, Thicknesse says, was painted in an hour—a work of most masterly execution, equal to anything by Vandyke.

In estimating Gainsborough's merits as a portrait painter, we must bear in mind that he practised the art from necessity, because, as Hogarth represented in his satirical print, the stream of popular favor descended only on that branch of the Tree of Painting*—it

* We have already remarked how slowly Gainsborough disposed of his landscapes. As these sheets were passing through the press, further evidence of this fact was afforded us, by the kindness of J. H. Anderdon, Esq., in the shape of a note from Gainsborough to Ozias Humphry, a painter of some little fame in his day.

"Dear Sir,

"I should be glad to lend you any of my Landskips to copy did it not affect the sale of new pictures to have any copies taken of them—for which reason I have often been obliged to re-

is a significant fact indeed that the last picture Gainsborough finished was a *portrait.** We ought not, therefore, to compare his efforts in this line with those of Reynolds, who devoted almost his whole life to portraiture. It is no small compliment to Gainsborough's versatility of genius, that the comparison has been made. An eminent writer observes: "Gainsborough was the most formidable rival of Reynolds. Whether he felt it hopeless to make use of Sir Joshua's weapons, or whether his peculiar taste led him to the choice of other means, he adopted a system of chiaro-scuro, of more frequent occurrence in Nature than those extremes of light and dark which Reynolds managed with such consummate judgment. His range in portrait was more limited, but within that range he is at times so delightful that we should not feel inclined to exchange a head by him for a head of the same person by Sir Joshua. His men are as thoroughly gentlemen, and his women as entirely ladies, nor had Reynolds a truer feeling

fuse when it would have given me pleasure to oblige my friend

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

Friday Morng. "THO. GAINSBOROUGH."

* A whole length of the Duke of Norfolk in a Spanish habit—in Arundel Castle.

of the charms of infancy." In purity of expression, Gainsborough more than equalled Reynolds. Sir Joshua has, in one or two instances, imparted to his women an air that we should not wish to see in our own wives and daughters. But it can never be said of *any* of Gainsborough's female portraits that they call up other sentiments than those of love and reverence. His great excellence consists in the natural grace, the unaffected truth with which he invests his subject. Children at their play, chasing a butterfly or gathering wild flowers; women, returning from a woodland ramble, with mantling cheeks and careless costume; men, at their field sports, or taking their morning's ride—these are the designs of portraits, and in these he stands alone. Able as are his paintings at Dulwich, and Hampton Court, it is not only by the pictures of Colonel St. Leger, and Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell, that Gainsborough's powers are to be estimated; in many a stately mansion, in many a shire hall, in many a yeoman's home, portraits not less charming in design, nor less free in execution, look down upon the privileged few, in all their ancestral pride, official dignity, or more retired beauty.

On Gainsborough's landscapes and fancy

pictures, there is no further need to dwell. They require neither catalogue nor commentator. That hand, "as light as the sweep of a cloud—as swift as the flash of a sunbeam," is known to all. That style of coloring, brilliant, sunny, harmonious, is admired by all. Those sequestered cottage homes, those picturesque peasant children, those market carts and harvest waggons are loved by all. And although Reynolds doubted if Gainsborough looked at nature with a poet's eye, and Fuseli sneeringly said, "posterity will judge whether the name of Gainsborough deserves to be ranked with those of Vandyke, Rubens, and Claude,"—yet the lovers of sylvan England, like Constable, regard the landscapes of Gainsborough with joyous emotion; and, like Sir William Curtis, derive solace from the contemplation of those tranquil scenes, even when sickness wrings the brow; feeling that so long as one of those works remains, "earth has still a little gilding left, not quite rubbed off, dishonored, and defaced."

List of Gainsborough's Works.

List of Gainsborough's Pictures exhibited at the Society of Arts.

CONTRACTIONS.

w.l.—whole length. t.q.—three quarters. h. l.—half length. B. I.—British Institution—the date following, being the year when the picture was there exhibited. mez.—mezzotinto.

Date.	Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
1761	Mr. Nugent	w.l.			
1762	Mr. Poyntz	—			
1763	Quin	—	8 4 by 5 8	J. Wiltshire, Esq.	B. I. 1815.
	Mr. Medlicott	—			
	A large Landscape				
1764	Portrait of a gentleman	t.q.			
1765	General Honywood	w.l.	10 8 by 10 0	W.Honywood, Esq	
	Colonel Nugent	—	8 0 by 6 0	SirE.G.Nugent,Bt	
1766	Garrick	—	7 6 by 4 6	Corporation,Stratford-on-Avon	mez., Valentine Green, 1769.

We have stated that Garrick *presented* this picture to the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. The matter is, however, involved in some obscurity. Mr. Wheeler, in his History of Stratford, describing the "great room" in the Town Hall, says: "At the south end is a whole length painting by Gainsborough of David Garrick, . . . and, at the north end, one of Shakespeare, by Wilson, . . . presented by Garrick in 1769." In his Guide to Stratford, Mr. Wheeler observes: "Garrick presented to the Corporation his own picture, which formerly adorned his seat at Hampton. The Corporation themselves paid Mr. Wilson for the painting of Shakespeare." In the Corporation accounts for the year 1769, are the following items:

"To Mr. Gainsborough for Mr. Garrick's picture, ...£63."

"To Mr. Wilson for a picture frame to the picture of David Garrick, Esq. ..£74."

		It has been conjectured that the Corporation paid for both pictures, but in order that Garrick might enjoy the credit of having presented a picture of Shakespeare, as stated on the Bard's statue without the Hall, the sum of £74., paid to Wilson, was entered as paid for the frame, which is, indeed, of elaborate workmanship. The Editor desires to acknowledge the courtesy of David Rice, Esq., the present Mayor of Stratford, in communicating these particulars.—(Vide "Portraits of Actors.")			
	Portrait of a gentleman	w. l.			
	Portrait of a lady and gentleman	—			
	A large Landscape, with Figures				
1767	Lady Grosvenor	—			
	John, Duke of Argyll	—			mez. J. Watson, 1769. Gainsborough also painted a half length of John, Duke of Argyll, in uniform, very simply treated. This portrait is in the possession of the present Duke.
	Mr. Vernon	—			
1768	Captain Needham	—			
	Capt. Augustus Hervey	w.l.	7 7 by 5 0	Marquis of Bristol	
					There was a second Exhibition in 1768; in honor of the King of Denmark, when Gainsborough exhibited a Portrait of an Officer—probably that of Captain Needham.

List of Gainsborough's Pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Date.	Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
1769	Isabella, Lady Molyneux	w.l.			
	George Pitt				
	A large Landscape				
	A Boy's head				
1770	Portrait of a lady and child	—			
	Portrait of a gentleman	—			
	Portrait of a young gentleman	—			
	Garrick	t.q.			
	Portrait of a gentleman	—			
	A Landscape, and Figures				
	A Book of Drawings				
1771	Lady Sussex	w.l.			
	Lady Ligonier	—			
	Lord Ligonier	—			
	Mr. Nuthall	—			
	Capt. Wade	—			
	Two Landscapes and Figures				
1772	Portrait of a lady	—			
	Portrait of two young ladies	—			

	Portrait of a gentleman	—			
	Portrait of a gentleman	t.q.			
	Two Landscapes, drawings, in imitation of oil painting				
	Eight Landscapes, drawings, in imitation of oil painting				
1773					
1774					Gainsborough did not contribute to the Academy during these years.
1775					
1776					
1777	H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland	w.l.			
	H. R. H. the Duchess of Cumberland	—			
	Lord Gage	w.l.	6 6 by 5 0	Lord Gage	
	Abel	—			(Vide "Portraits of Musicians.")
	Portrait of a lady	—			
	Portrait of two young gentlemen				
	A large landscape				
1778	Duchess of Devonshire	—			
	Portrait of a nobleman	—			
	Portrait of a lady	—			
	Portrait of a lady	—			
	Portrait of a lady	h.l.			

Date.	Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
1778	Mr. Christie	h.l.		G. H. Christie, Esq.	B. I. 1817.
	Portrait of a lady	t.q.			
	Two Landscapes				
1779	H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester	w.l.		Duchess of Gloucester	
	H. R. H. the Duchess of Cumberland				
	Duke of Argyll	t.q.		Duke of Argyll	
	Judge Perrin	h.l.			
	Portraits of two ladies	—			
	A Landscape				
1780	Six Landscapes				
	General Conway	w.l.	8 0 by 4 6	In the Royal Court, Jersey	mez. G. Dupont, 1780. The Duke of Argyll is also in possession of a fine Portrait of General Conway.
	Mr. Gosset				
	Rev. Stephens				
	Mr. Crosdale				
	Madame le Brun				
	Henderson				(Vide "Portraits of Actors.")
	Mr. George Coyte				
	Mrs. Beaufoy	w.l.		Sir. W. Heathcote, Bart.	
	Mr. Bate	—			
	Portrait of a gentleman				
1781	King George III.	—			Vide "Portraits of Royal Family."
	Queen Charlotte	—			

	Bishop Hurd				(Vide "Portraits of Divines.")
	Three Landscapes				
	A Shepherd				
1782	Prince of Wales	w.l.			B. I. 1815; exhibited by Lord Dundas. mez. J. R. Smith, 1783.
	Colonel St. Leger	—		In Hampton Court	mez. G. Dupont, 1783. B. I. 1827.
	Colonel Tarleton	—			
	Miss Dalrymple				
	Madame Baccelli	—			mez. J. Jones, 1784.
	Portrait of a nobleman				
	Portrait of a gentleman				
	Portrait of a young gentleman				
	Portrait of a lady				
	A Landscape				
	Girl and Pigs			Mr. Norton	Purchased in 1850, for £178. 10s. Originally in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, then in that of M. de Calonne —subsequently in the possession of Mr. Barton.
1783	Portraits of the Royal Family	Heads		In Windsor Castle	
	Duke of Northumberland	w.l.			
	Duchess of Devonshire				
	Lord Cornwallis				
	Lord Sandwich	—		Naval Gallery, Greenwich Hosptl.	Engraved by J. R. Sherwin, 1787.
	Sir Harbord Harbord	—	6 0 by 4 10	St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich	mez. J. R. Smith, 1785.
	Sir Charles Gould				
	Mrs. Sheridan	—			

Date.	Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
1783	Mr. Ramus			
	Two Shepherd's Boys, with Dogs fighting		J. Tollemache, Esq	B. I. 1845. Engraved by G. Dupont.
	A Landscape			
	A Sea-piece—a calm			
1784				
1785				Gainsborough did not contribute to the Academy during these years.
1786				
1787				
1788				

Number of Paintings Exhibited by Gainsborough.

At the Society of Arts	15	Portraits
	2	Landscapes
At the Royal Academy	66	Portraits
	24	Landscapes and Fancy Pictures
Total	107	
	10	Drawings
	1	Book of Drawings

List of Gainsborough's Pictures in his possession at his decease,

Exhibited at Schomberg House on 30th March, 1789.*

Copies, etc., by Gainsborough, of the Works of other Masters.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
The Pembroke Family	3 11 by 2 11	Lady Dover	This copy of Vandyke's famous work was begun from the print, but finished from the picture. It was originally purchased by Capt. Thomson for £126, and afterwards became the property of Mr. Richard Lane, from whom Lord Dover bought it.
Duke d'Aremburg, (after Vandyke)	3 1 by 2 7		Purchased by Capt. Thomson for £29 8s
Portrait of Inigo Jones, (after Vandyke)	2 4 by 1 11		The Rev. G. Gardiner has also a copy by Gainsborough of this picture.
A man's Portrait, (after Vandyke)	2 2 by 1 9		
A Portrait, (after Vandyke)	1 10 by 1 5		

* From Woodfall's Register, May 19th, 1789, we extract the following advertisement: "The public are respectfully informed that the Exhibition and Sale of the late Mr. Gainsborough's pictures and drawings will continue at his dwelling house in Pall Mall, every day (Sunday excepted) from nine in the morning, till seven in the evening. The pictures and drawings will at the same time be sold by Mr. Gainsborough Dupont, to whom application may be made by those desirous of becoming purchasers." The sum of one shilling was charged for admission to the Exhibition. Several pictures were thus disposed of, and the remainder were offered for sale, by Christie, on 2nd June, 1792.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
James Stewart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, (after Vandyke)	6 9 by 4 2		
Two sons of James Stewart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, (after Vandyke)	7 8 by 4 9		
The Cornaro Family, (after Titian)	3 0 by 1 10	Mr. Morant	B. I. 1817. At the sale of Gainsborough's Works, this picture was bought in for the sum of £20. 9s. 6d. It subsequently became the property of Mr. Rogers, on the dispersal of whose collection, it was purchased by Mr. Morant for 65 guineas.
The Conspirators, (after Velasquez)	3 2 by 2 7		
A man's head, (after Rembrandt)	2 5 by 2 0		
Abraham and Isaac, (after Murillo)	3 5 by 2 9		
The Good Shepherd	5 3 by 3 8		Painted from memory, after seeing the original, by Murillo, in the possession of the Duke of Bridgewater.

Landscapes and Fancy Pictures.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
A Landscape, with a waggon and figures returning from market		Hon. G. D. Damer	These two pictures were painted for the Prince of Wales, by whom they were presented to Mrs. Fitzherbert. They afterwards became the property of Col. Damer; and were offered for sale by Mr. Christie in March 1841, when the former was bought in for the sum of £651, the latter for £367. 10s.
A Landscape, its companion		Hon. G. D. Damer	
The Woodman and his dog in a storm	7 8 by 5 1		Destroyed by fire at Exton Park, the residence of Lord Gainsborough, who purchased the painting for 500 guineas. It has been engraved by Simon. A small copy was exhibited at the B. I. in 1814, by Archdeacon Markham. The famous Miss Linwood executed this picture in needlework. Mrs. Sharpe, a relative of Gainsborough, has a fine chalk drawing of the Woodman.
A Boy at a cottage fire, and a girl eating milk	4 11 by 3 11		
A Boy with a cat—morning	4 10 by 3 10		
A Landscape, with sheep and figures	4 10 by 3 11		
A Landscape	4 10 by 3 10		
A Landscape	2 5 by 2 0		
A Landscape	1 9 by 1 4		
A Landscape	2 5 by 2 0		
A Landscape	1 9 by 1 4		
A Landscape	1 7 by 1 3		

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
A Landscape	1 1 by 0 10		
A Peasant, smoking at a cottage door, with his family	6 3 by 5 1		Purchased by B. Dudley for £399.
Two Boys	2 5 by 2 0		
A Landscape, with sheep	2 6 by 2 1		
A Landscape	1 1 by 0 11		
A Landscape, with cows and horses	4 9 by 4 0		Purchased by Mr. Jackson for £147.
A Landscape	2 6 by 2 1		
A Landscape	1 1 by 0 11		
A Landscape, with buildings	6 0 by 4 11		Purchased by B. Dudley for £304.
A Landscape, with a cottage and figures	4 9 by 3 11		Purchased by Capt. Thomson for £147.
A Landscape, with two woodmen, an ass, and a dog	4 1 by 3 3		
A Landscape	4 9 by 3 10		
A Landscape, with cattle and figures	5 10 by 4 9		
A representation of St. James's Park, with figures	4 10 by 3 11		Purchased by Mr. Jackson for £194. 5s.
A Landscape, with a cottage and figures	4 10 by 3 11		Purchased by Mr. Skirrow for £115. 10s. The picture afterwards became the property of Mr. Samuel Kilderbee, of Ipswich, upon the sale of whose collection in 1829, Mr. Bone became its possessor, for £183. 15s.

A Landscape	1 9 by 1 4		
A Landscape	0 10 by 0 7		
A Landscape	1 9 by 1 4		
A Landscape, with cows and figures	2 5 by 2 0		
A Landscape—evening	1 11 by 1 4		
A Landscape	1 1 by 0 11		
A Landscape	1 1 by 0 11		
A Landscape, with sheep and figures	6 2 by 5 1		Purchased by Mr. Jackson for £173. 5s.
A Landscape, with figures travelling	3 1 by 2 6		
A Landscape, in two colors	1 5 by 1 1		
A Landscape, with cows	1 1 by 0 11		
A Landscape	1 1 by 0 11		
A Landscape, with cows and figures	4 10 by 3 11		
A Landscape, with a cart and figures	6 2 by 4 10		Purchased by B. Dudley for £67. 4s.
A Landscape, with deer	7 11 by 5 11		
A Fox Hunt	7 11 by 5 11		
Portraits of their Royal Highnesses, the Duke & Duchess of Cumberland and Lady Elizabeth Luttrel	w.l. 5 3 by 3 11	In Buckingham Palace	

Total number of Gainsborough's Pictures in his possession at his decease..... 56.

The Drawings left by Gainsborough, and also exhibited, were 148 in number.

List of Gainsborough's Pictures exhibited at the British Institution.*

1814.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Landscape, with Gipsies		H. Phillips, Esq.	
Cottage Children A young peasant girl is carrying in her arms a fair flaxen-haired child. By her side sits a little boy, with auburn locks, holding a few dry sticks. The landscape is a mixture of pasture and woodland.		Earl of Carnarvon	Re-exhibited in 1844.
Family at a Cottage door	4 8 by 3 10	Marquis of Westminster	Purchased by T. Harvey, Esq., of Catton, Norfolk, in 1786; sold to Mr. Coppin, of Norwich, in 1807; and subsequently to Sir John Leicester, Bart., at the sale of whose collection in 1827 it was bought by Earl Grosvenor for £525. Engraved by Scott in Mr. Britton's "Fine Arts of the English School," from which the history of this painting is, in part, taken. Re-exhibited in the year 1834.
A small Landscape Peasants in a cart are crossing a rapid stream, near a group of trees; a rustic with a horse in the foreground.		Miss Coutts	Formerly in the Marchioness of Thomond's collection; afterwards in that of Mr. Rogers. The picture recently sold for 250 guineas.

* Those works, which we have already mentioned as there exhibited, are omitted in this list. The name of the present owner is given, whenever we have been able to trace a picture. In other cases, that of the possessor at the time of exhibition is mentioned.

A small Landscape A cottage on a bank, near a stream, which cattle and sheep are about to pass, and at which a man is watering his horse.		Miss Coutts	Also in Mr. Rogers' collection. It realised 120 guineas.
A Landscape and figures A picturesque-looking female cottager, and a lad, in the midst of a rocky, woody scene. She bears a pitcher of water on her shoulder. Her face is turned towards the boy, who is apparently weeping.	2 0 by 1 6	Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.	This picture (exhibited under its present title in 1853), was, in 1814, described in the Catalogue of the British Institution as "The Departure of Hagar and Ishmael." Gainsborough, we are persuaded, never intended it as a representation of the wandering of the bondwoman and her son in the wilderness of Beer-sheba.
A small upright Landscape		W. Alexander, Esq.	
The country waggon		J. Ewer, Esq.	
A Landscape, with cattle		J. Crosdell, Esq.	
Sportsmen in a Landscape (in imitation of Teniers) Two men are holding up a hare. A greyhound or two are introduced.		W. Smith, Esq.	Finer than Teniers—possessing all his excellence, with the addition throughout of the superior taste of Gainsborough. Hazlitt thought it "very inferior to the original picture in Lord Radnor's collection"
A woody scene. (Cornard, near Sudbury) One of Gainsborough's most charming home landscapes. The foreground, a wood with fine trees, traversed by a road, on which are several peasants. A pool of water, and some wild ducks rising, are seen on one side of the picture; on the other side, are some cows. In the distance, where the road emerges from the wood, appears the village and church of Cornard.	4 0 by 5 2	WattsRussell, Esq.	Painted for Alderman Boydell, at whose death the landscape became the property of Mr. Watts, who bequeathed it to its present owner. Re-exhibited in 1843.

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Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Cottage Girl, with her dog and pitcher		Lord de Dunstanville	Hazlitt styles this picture "a general favorite. The little dog," he says, "is certainly admirable; his hair looks as if it had been just washed and combed."
A Landscape, with cattle and figures—evening		Rt. Hon. C. Long	Re-exhibited in 1824.
Woodman loading an ass		H. Hoare, Esq.	
A Landscape, in his early manner		H. Powell, Esq.	
Copy from Velasquez		Lord de Dunstanville	
Cattle, in a warm Landscape "A group of cattle, driven by a peasant, descending a bank towards the spectator. Nearer to the foreground, a man and woman are seated, with a dog. Painted with his usual simplicity of conception, and breadth and lightness of execution."		Marquis of Lansdowne	
A Landscape		—	
View near Sudbury		Lord Thompson	
Sea-shore, with fishermen putting off a boat	3 3 by 4 1	Sir G. R. Philips, Bart.	Purchased at the sale of Sir John Leicester's collection, in 1827, for £215. 5s. Re-exhibited in 1832.
A fox hunted by greyhounds (a sketch)		S. Whitbread, Esq.	Probably one of the pictures in Gainsborough's possession at his decease, described in the catalogue as, "A fox hunt."
A fresh breeze—selling fish In front, to the right, a low cliff, at	3 3 by 4 1	Marquis of Westminster	Re-exhibited in 1842.

the foot of which some three or four figures have chosen a very airy spot for bargaining over some fish. Boats in the offing scud before the wind, which scatters the spray in a thousand directions, as the waves roll in upon the foreground.			
Cart passing the brook Going to market		J.Tollemache,Esq. Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart.	Re-exhibited in 1845.
The harvest waggon	5 9 by 4 11	J. Wiltshire, Esq.	The Landscape represents a scene in the neighbourhood of Bath, sketched by Gainsborough when on a visit at Shockerwick. Engraved in the "Finden Gallery."
A rocky, woody Landscape, with figures and cattle A lovely peasant girl is sitting on the grass, her milk-pail full by her side. Some cows are cooling their feet in a neighbouring stream. A young man, leaning against an overhanging rock, is pouring in her ear those words that women love to hear. In the distance appears an old man of paternal aspect, determined apparently to know why she tarries so long.	5 9 by 4 11	J. Wiltshire, Esq.	Both these paintings were presented by Gainsborough to Mr. Wiltshire's grandfather.
Scene on a common, with cattle and figures		P. W. Baker, Esq.	
Landscape view in Suffolk		J. Heywood, Esq.	

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Waggon and horses passing a brook		Vernon Gallery	One of Gainsborough's favorite works. He kept it until his death, when it was purchased by Mr. Ewer. In 1832, Mr. Vernon became the possessor of the picture for the sum of £231; and, as is well known, presented this, amongst others, to the nation in December, 1847. Re-exhibited in 1841.
Return from milking.			These paintings were in the collection of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
A cottage girl			
Landscape and cattle		J. Smith, Esq.	
Cattle on the banks of a river, with boats and figures		S. Long, Esq.	Re-exhibited in 1843.
Romantic Landscape, with sheep at a fountain	5 0 by 4 0	Royal Academy	Gainsborough's diploma-picture. Re-exhibited in 1852.
Girl and pigs		Earl of Carlisle	Re-exhibited in 1843.
Fox dogs		J. Crosdell, Esq.	
Landscape, with a waterfall		W. N. Hewet, Esq.	Remarkable, says Hazlitt, for the sparkling clearness of the distance.
The cottage door, with children at play		Earl of Mulgrave	
Shepherd boys		Duke of Newcastle	
A country cart passing a brook		G. Gostling, Esq.	
Landscape, with cattle		Colonel Wyndham, (Petworth)	Of this picture, Constable, who saw it in 1834, said, "I cannot think of it even now without tears in my eyes. With particulars, he" (Gainsborough) "had nothing to do; his object was to deliver a fine sentiment, and he has fully accomplished it."

An evening scene Morning		J. Heywood, Esq. Mr. Peacock	Purchased, we believe, in 1828, at the sale of Earl Carysfort's collection, for £120. 15s.
Horses watering at a stone trough		Earl of Lonsdale	Formerly in the Leicester Gallery, afterwards in the possession of Mr. J. L. Parker, of whom Lord Lonsdale purchased it. Re-exhibited in 1843.
Girl with milk She carries a pan of milk in her hands—in the distance, a woman is milking a cow.	4 10 by 3 10	Sir G. R. Philips, Bart.	"This picture was bought by my father, about forty years ago," says Sir George Philips, "from his friend, the late Mr. Rogers, for 170 guineas, the price *he* paid for it. The reason of his being ready to part with one of Gainsborough's most beautiful works, was a remark of West, that 'the girl's hair was heavily painted.' I do not think that his brother artists would have joined in his criticism." Engd. by Lupton. Re-exhd. in 1832.
Banks of a river, with peasants and cattle In the river, vessels and boats are lying, landing fish. Nothing can be more elegant than its composition, nor more charming than its silvery tone.	3 0 by 1 10	Mr. Holloway	Likewise in the collection of Mr. Rogers. It realised 195 guineas. Re-exhibited in 1850.
Asses in a Landscape A peasant stands near two asses and a dog; there is also an ass in a stable. The tower of a church is seen in the distance. A fine sunny glow is diffused over the picture.	1 11 by 1 8	Sir J. C. Jervoise, Bart.	An early work; painted during his Ipswich career. Re-exhibited in 1855.

1815.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Lady de Dunstanville		Ld de Dunstanville	
Portrait of a youth (Master Buttall)	w.l. 5 10 by 4 0	Marquis of Westminster	Re-exhibited in 1834. At Mr. Buttall's death, the "Blue Boy" was purchased by Mr. Nesbit; the picture was afterwards in the possession of Mr. Hoppner, the painter, who sold it to the first Earl Grosvenor. The Bishop of Ely has a finished sketch of the Blue Boy. Charles Ford, Esq., of Bath, is the possessor of the *original* sketch (in oil)—the dress is there, however, unfinished. "Gainsborough's opposition to Sir Joshua Reynolds, as shown in the Blue Boy," observes Mr. Leslie, in a letter to the Editor, "was not confined to that picture. He frequently introduced large masses of pale blue in his principal lights, as, indeed, Vandyke has done, and with great effect. Mr. Bryant, of St. James's Street, has a very beautiful whole length portrait of a lady in a pale blue dress."
Lord George Sackville		Earl Amherst	
Dr. Schomberg He is standing, looking towards the spectator. His hands (in one of which he holds his hat), rest upon his cane. His coat and breeches are of velvet, in color something between pink and crimson. The landscape background is admirably painted. The picture altogether one of the finest in the world.	w.l. 8 0 by 5 0	J. T. Schomberg, Esq.	Re-exhibited in 1843 and 1852. This portrait was, by mistake, lodged in the National Gallery in the year 1834. There is an engraving of it by W. T. Fry, and a description of it in a work containing an account of the paintings in the Gallery at that period.

H. Thornton, Esq. Thomas Sheridan, Esq.	w.l.	1 6 by 1 0	Marine Society R B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P.	mez. Valentine Green, 1782.
David Garrick		-	General B. Wallis	Hazlitt, writing in the "Morning Chronicle," in 1815, says, "Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick is interesting as a piece of biography. He looks much more like a gentleman than in Reynolds's tragic-comic representation of him. There is a considerable lightness and intelligence in the expression of the face, and a piercing vivacity about the eyes, to which the attention is immediately directed."
Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell Mrs. Jamieson thus describes this magnificent picture: "Maria Linley, the first wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, standing, in blue drapery; and her sister, Mrs. Tickell, seated. Figures full length; very elegant, and delicately painted in his slight sketchy style. The head of Mrs. Sheridan is exquisite, and without having all the beauty which Sir Joshua Reynolds gave her in the famous St. Cecilia, there is even more mind."		6 2 by 5 11	Dulwich Gallery	Presented by Mr. William Linley. The portrait was probably painted for Sheridan.

1817.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Miss Linley and her brother			Duchess of Dorset	
Sir H. Bate Dudley, Bart.	w.l.	8 6 by 6 0	J. O. Parker, Esq.	Mr. Parker has also a companion portrait of Lady Dudley, a sister of Mrs. Hartley, the actress. She is standing in a garden, leaning against a pedestal, surmounted by an urn. Her white silk mantle, thrown with the most artistic carelessness over the pedestal, forms a beautiful contrast to her blue drapery. The coloring is remarkably tender and harmonious.
Landscape, with cattle			G. Gostling, Esq.	
A road-side, with figures			G. Townley, Esq.	An early picture.
Landscape, with market people			A. Davison, Esq.	
Landscape, with cattle			Sir G. Warrender, Bart.	
Landscape			G. Gostling, Esq.	
Landscape, with rustic figures			Sir T. Neave, Bart.	
Landscape, with figures			Duke of Bedford	
Landscape, with horses and figures			Duke of Bedford	
Landscape			M. M. Zacchary, Esq.	
Orpin (Parish Clerk of Bradford, Wilts) A noble looking old man. He sits with his bible before him, meditating on its sacred truths.		5 0 by 4 1	J. Wiltshire, Esq.	

Some word of life e'en now has met His calm benignant eye— Some ancient promise breathing yet Of immortality— Some heart's deep language, which the glow Of faith unwavering gives; And every feature says, "I *know* That my Redeemer lives."			
Landscape		J. W. Steers, Esq.	
View on the Strada Nomentana		S. Peploe, Esq.	
Landscape		Lady Ford	
Landscape		Lady Ford	
A storm, with banditti		Sir A. Hume, Bart.	
Small Landscape		T. Stokes, Esq.	
Landscape			
A small Landscape			These two works were in the collection of Benjamin West
Niobe		Colonel Udney	
Landscape		M. M. Zacchary, Esq.	
Landscape, with waterfall		Dulwich College	
Landscape		Duke of Bedford	
View of the Lake of Albano		J. Duval, Esq.	

Date.	Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
1829	The Market cart		Marlborough House	Purchased by Mr. Seguier, for the National Gallery, at Lord Gwyder's sale, in 1828, for £1102. 10s. Lord Northwick possesses a duplicate of the Market Cart. Mr. Constable, of Arundel, has the finished sketch.
	Study of Monks heads		Lady Dover	Probably a copy from a study of two Monks Heads by Rubens—formerly in Mr. Kilderbee's collection, at the sale of which it was purchased by Mr. Seguier, for 11 guineas.
	Repose—cattle in a Landscape The burden and heat of the day are o'er. A group of cattle (in which an old white horse is contrasted with a black cow), appears in the full enjoyment of a quiet shady spot, near a fountain To the right, a peasant lies asleep on the grass.		E. Bicknell, Esq.	This landscape was set apart by Gainsborough as a wedding portion for his daughter Margaret, who, however, died unmarried, bequeathing the picture to her friend and neighbour, Mr. Briggs, of Acton. Mr. Hogarth subsequently purchased it for 1,000 guineas. Sir Geore Beaumont was wont to lament that he had not become the possessor of so fine a painting.
1831	View of Henny Church, near Sudbury		Lady Dover	
1832	Landscape, with figures and cattle		W. Scrope, Esq.	Purchased, we believe, at Mr. Peacock's sale, in 1832, for £151. 5s.
1839	Portrait of the Duke of Norfolk		Duke of Norfolk	(Vide "Portraits of the Nobility.")
1840	Landscape, with figures		Rev. J. Coles	
1841	Landscape, with cattle—sunset	2 6 by 1 11	Vernon Gallery	Engraved by Miller, in the "Art Journal," August, 1853,

	Rustic children		Vernon Gallery	Engraved by G. B. Shaw, in the "Art Journal," April, 1850.
	Cattle in a Landscape	1 2 by 1 0	W. Wells, Esq.	Re-exhibited in 1843.
	Cows, in a Landscape		Lord F. Egerton	
1842	A cottage girl going with her pitcher to the brook			In the collection of the late Baroness Bassett.
1843	Landscape, with sportsmen—a Pasticcio		J. Allnutt, Esq.	
1844	The Watering place		Vernon Gallery	Purchased by Mr. Vernon, in 1838, for £220. 10s.
	Landscape		Dean of Westminster	
	Landscape and cattle		Duke of Newcastle	
	Landscape and cattle		Earl de la Warr	
	Landscape	2 5 by 2 0	J.H.Hawkins,Esq.	Two of Gainsborough's early and most elaborate performances.
	Landscape	2 5 by 2 0	J.H.Hawkins,Esq.	
1845	Landscape and cattle		R. Palmer, Esq.	
	Landscape and cattle		R. Palmer, Esq.	
	Cottage child		Sir W. Knighton, Bart.	
	Cottage children at a fire		Sir W. Knighton, Bart.	
	Lady Eardley and Lady Saye and Sele, when young		Lord Saye and Sele	

Date.	Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
1846	The Rt. Hon. Wm. Pitt		Earl of Normanton	(Vide "Portraits of Statesmen.")
	Admiral Earl Howe	h.l.	Trinity House	mez. J. Watson, 1778.
1848	Rt. Hon. George Canning		Viscount Canning	
	Landscape		Bishop of Ely	
	Hon. Mrs. Graham		R. Graham, Esq.	
	Marquess of Bute		Lord James Stuart	Engraved by C. Watson, 1791.
	Isabella, Countess of Sefton		Earl of Sefton	
1849	Landscape, with a girl feeding pigs		J.Tollemache,Esq.	
	Mrs. John Douglas		Hon. P. S. Pierrepont	
1852	Landscape		F. Perkins, Esq.	
	A sea-shore		Major C. Kennedy	
	A Landscape, with figures A beautiful group of three peasant children—a boy bearing a wallet, and a girl carrying a child. They have set out from a cottage, standing on a rising ground, and are walking towards a stream, which flows in the distance. Wooded hills are seen afar off. The coloring of this picture is vivid and harmonious.	2 0 by 2 5	J. Bentley, Esq.	
1854	Landscape		J. N. Lane, Esq.	
1855	Master Drummond		G.Drummond Esq.	

Portraits by Gainsborough of Himself and Members of his Family.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
His own Portrait	Head	Royal Academy	Presented by his daughter Margaret Gainsborough. Engraved by Bartolozzi. B. I., 1815 and 1854.
His own Portrait	—	Miss Clarke	The size of a large miniature.
His own Portrait	—	W. Sharpe, Esq.	
His own Portrait	h.l.	Mr. Elstob	Taken when about thirty years of age. Zoffani painted an excellent portrait of Gainsborough, a medallion from which has been executed by Mr. Weigall. In Mr. Lane's "Studies of Figures, by Gainsborough," there is, as we have already observed, a portrait of Gainsborough, when a young man, sketching. Mr. J. Clarke, of Easton, has a large screen adorned with various rural scenes by Gainsborough; in one of them he has introduced his own portrait.
His own and his Wife's Portrait			At the sale of the collection of T. Luny, Esq., in July, 1838, this picture was bought in for £52. 10s.
Portrait of his Wife	h.l.	W. Sharpe, Esq.	An early work, but a very fine one.
Portrait of his Wife	Head	W. Sharpe, Esq.	Of later execution.
Portrait of one of his Daughters		Miss Clarke	
Portrait of his two Daughters		J. Thorne, Esq.	Of the size of life—the head, nearly in profile, relieved from a light sky, and surrounded by an oval. One hand only is introduced: she has a black lace scarf falling round her shoulders.
Portrait of his Daughters One is standing, the other sitting.	h.l.	Mr. Bryant	
Portrait of his Daughters	t.q.	Rev. G. Gardiner	This picture is, with the exception of the faces, unfinished.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Portrait of his Daughters, when children In the garb of peasant girls, in a corn field, dividing their gleanings.			Formerly in the possession of Mr. G. Strutt. Gainsborough has, as we have said, painted portraits of his daughters in his picture of the "Harvest Waggon," in Mr. Wiltshire's collection.
Portrait of his Daughters, when children, chasing a butterfly	w.l.		In the possession of the late Mr. Hingeston.
Portrait of one of his Daughters		Mr. Herman	
Mr. Fischer			(Vide "Portraits of Musicians.")
Mrs. Fischer	t.q.	G. Dupont, Esq.	
Portrait of his Father (a drawing)		Mrs. Poole	Mrs. Gainsborough has written on the drawing, "My Father Gainsborough's picture, drawn by my husband, three years after his death—extremely like him."
Humphry Gainsborough A face denoting great intelligence, refinement, and piety — somewhat sorrowful withal.	—	W. Sharpe, Esq.	
John Gainsborough		W. Sharpe, Esq.	
John Gainsborough Humour and indecision are stamped on his features.	2 0 by 1 7	G. Dupont, Esq.	
Gainsborough Dupont	Head	G. Richmond, Esq.	Mr. Dupont has two unfinished portraits of Gainsborough Dupont, the painter's nephew.
Mr. Philip Dupont	t.q.	G. Dupont, Esq.	Both portraits are full of character, especially that of Mrs. Dupont.
Mrs. Philip Dupont	—	G. Dupont, Esq.	
Mr. Burroughs	w.l. 2 6 by 1 10	G. Dupont, Esq.	
Mrs. Burroughs	t.q.	G. Dupont, Esq.	

Portraits by Gainsborough of Members of the Royal Family.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
George III. In the robes of the Garter, holding his plumed hat.	w.l.	Windsor Castle	mez. G. Dupont, Esq., 1790.
George III.	—	Horse Guards	
Queen Charlotte	—		
George III.	—	Penshurst Castle	
Queen Charlotte	—		
George III.	—	Buckingham Palace	
Queen Charlotte	—		Queen Charlotte—mez. G. Dupont, Esq. 1790.
George III. and Queen Charlotte, and the members of the Royal Family, (with the exception of Prince Frederic)	Heads	Windsor Castle	
George III. On a white horse; landscape background—troops in review		Mr. Gritten	Purchased in 1845, for £19. 8s.
George III.	small oval	G. Dupont, Esq.	A very highly-finished miniature, given to Mr. Dupont, by Mrs. Gainsborough.
George III.	w.l.	Mr. Waters	
Queen Charlotte	—	Duchess of Gloucester	Supposed to be the original picture from which the other portraits of Her Majesty were painted.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
George IV., when Prince of Wales				(Vide "Pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy" in 1782.)
George IV., when Prince of Wales, with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lord Radnor, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in a Bŏat	w.l.		Mrs. Norton	Esteemed an admirable performance.
George IV. and the Princess Royal, when children	—		Sir T. Baring, Bart.	B. I. 1840.
Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth	—			
Royal Children, descending the steps of a lodge, in Windsor Park			Mr. Nieuwenhays	Purchased in 1848, for £325. 10s. Formerly in the collection of Sir G. Warrender, Bart.
H. R. H., the Duke of Cumberland				
H. R. H., the Duchess of Cumberland				(Vide "Pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy" in 1777 and 1779.)
H. R. H., the Duke of Cumberland				
H. R. H., the Duchess of Cumberland				(Vide "Pictures in Gainsborough's possession at his decease.")
H. R. H., the Duchess of Gloucester	—		H. R. H., Duchess of Gloucester	

Portraits by Gainsborough of the Nobility.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk In a Spanish habit.	w.l.	8 0 by 4 10	Arundel Castle	Engraved by J. K. Sherwin, 1790.
Bernard Edward, Duke of Norfolk In a fancy dress.		7 6 by 4 5	Arundel Castle	
Charles, Duke of Rutland In a Vandyke dress.	h.l.			
Duke of Montague	w.l.		Dalkeith Palace	
Duchess of Montague	—			
Henry Scot, Duke of Buccleuch, and Lady Mary Scot				mez., J. Dixon, 1771.
William Petty, Marquis of Lansdowne	oval			Engraved by G. F. Bartolozzi, 1787.
George Grenville, Marquis of Buckingham				J. K. Sherwin, 1788.
The first Marquis of Westminster In the ordinary dress of the period, (1787.)	h.l.	2 5 by 2 0	Grosvenor Gallery	
Edward Stanley, Earl of Derby In a plain dress.	t.q.			mez., G. Keating, 1785.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Henry Herbert, Earl of Carnarvon In Peer's robes.	t.q.		Earl of Carnarvon	The canvas has been enlarged to fit a special frame.
John, Earl of Buckinghamsh. He is standing—the left hand rests on the moulding of a pillar, the right, on his hip. A rich sky blue coat and breeches, a white satin vest, embroidered with gold, and robes of scarlet, form his costume.	w.l.		Blickling Hall	
Countess of Buckinghamsh. Arrayed in white satin, with a broad yellow gauze sash, the dress being bordered with the same colored material. The flesh tints are peculiarly transparent.	—		Blickling Hall	
Countess of Egremont	—		Petworth	Sir William Beechey was employed to alter some part of the figure—he painted considerably on it, and on the background, but did not touch the face.
Robert, Earl Nugent	w.l.	8 0 by 6 0	Sir G. E. Nugent, Bart.	
Francis Greville, Earl of Warwick	oval			mez., J. Watson.
Earl of Romney and his Sister, when children				Formerly in the collection of B. B. Cooper, Esq.
James Hamilton, Earl of Abercorn In robes.	w.l.			mez., J. Dean.
Earl of Mulgrave				
Georgiana Pointz, Countess Spencer In a riding habit.	oval			mez., Bartolozzi, 1783.

Jacob Bouverie, Viscount Folkstone			Society of Arts	First President of the Society of Arts. A small oval engraving, by C. Sherwin, of this portrait, is prefixed to the proceedings of the Society.
Hon. Fitzwilliam	t.q.		Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.	mez., J. Dean.
George, Lord Vernon				
Lord Hervey In a naval uniform, standing with a telescope in his hand, by a large anchor.	w.l.	7 3 by 4 11	Marquis of Bristol	
Lord Hawke				
The three Ladies Waldegrave				
Lady Horatia Seymour				
Lady Gage She has taken a flower from a vase before her, and is placing it in her bosom.	w.l.	6 0 by 5 0	Viscount Gage	
Lady Eardley	w.l.	6 0 by 5 0	Viscount Gage	
Lady Maynard (the famous Mary Parsons)			Marquis of Lansdowne	
Lady Vernon A very handsome woman, in a remarkably becoming costume.			Hon. M. Fortescue	A lithograph of this portrait (which does not include the hands), was published in 1835.
Lady Cotton			Lady Cotton	
Lady Powis			Earl of Portsmouth	
Lady Romney	h.l.		Lady Emily Marsham	

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Hon. Nassau	4 2 by 3 4	Duchess of Hamilton	
John, Duke of Argyll			(As to this, and the fourteen following portraits, vide "Pictures exhibited at the Society of Arts" and the "Royal Academy.")
Archibald, Duke of Argyll			
Duke of Northumberland			
Duchess of Devonshire			
Marquis of Bristol (Captain Hervey)			
Earl of Sandwich			
Viscount Gage			
Lord Ligonier			
Lady Ligonier			
Lord Cornwallis			
Lord Suffield (Sir Harbord Harbord)			
Lord Clare (Mr. Nugent)			
Lady Grosvenor			
Isabella Lady Molyneux			
Lady Sussex			
Marquis of Bute			As to this, and the four following portraits, vide "Pictures exhibited at the British Institution.")
Isabella, Countess of Sefton			
Lord George Sackville			
Lady de Dunstanville			
Lady Eardley and Lady Saye and Sele, when young			

Portraits by Gainsborough of Statesmen.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Edmund Burke	head 2 0 by 1 8	Bishop of Ely	
Richard Brinsley Sheridan	w l. 6 10 by 4 6	J. S. Muskett, Esq.	
William Pitt	—	Earl of Normanton	"It was painted," says his lordship, "for Sir William Young, a great friend of Mr. Pitt, and is unquestionably one of Gainsborough's very finest works." The Earl of Normanton also possesses, as we have said, a portrait of Pitt, by Gainsborough, in crayons.
William Pitt	t.q.	Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge	
William Pitt	t.q.	Sir Robert Peel	
William Pitt	oval		Engraved by J. F. Bartolozzi.
William Pitt	small oval		Engraved by J. K. Sherwin, 1788.
William Pitt		Rev. W. H. Herring	A small picture.
William Windham His whole face gives the idea of great manly beauty—amiable, yet firm. The forehead ample, the eyes very expressive, the markings about the mouth denoting elegance and refinement.		Miss Spedding	An oval portrait (not including the hands), of the size of life.
Dr. Benjamin Franklin		Marquis of Lansdowne	Probably painted at the time of signing the Treaty of Paris.
Robert, Lord Clive		Rev. A. Clive	
Robert, Lord Clive	w.l.	Mr. Willes	
Robert, Lord Clive	Head		mez., M'Ardell.
George Canning		Viscount Canning	

Portraits by Gainsborough of Divines.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Richard Hurd, Bishop of Worcester	h.l.	In Hampton Court	Engraved by Hall, 1775.
Richard Hurd	Head	Hertlebury Castle	
John Garnett, Bishop of Ferns	oval h.l.		mez., J. M'Ardell.
Thomas Ashton, D.D., Fellow of Eton College			mez., J. M'Ardell.
Richard Graves, M.A., Rector of Claverton, Somerset In crayons.	oval	C. Ford, Esq.	mez., G. Dupont, 1790. Graves was the author of the "Spiritual Quixote."
Lawrence Sterne			(Vide "Portraits of Literati.")
— Stephens			

Portraits by Gainsborough of Lawyers.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Charles, Earl Camden (Lord Chancellor) Standing in his study, in the ordinary dress of the day. His hand rests on a folio.	t.q.	4 1 by 3 3	Mrs. Palmer	
Sir John Skinner (Lord Chief Baron) In judicial costume—seated. His head is full of intellect.	w.l.	5 0 by 3 6	Bencher's Room, New Hall, Lincoln's Inn.	The portrait was painted for Francis Burton, one of the Irish Judges, a most intimate friend of the Chief Baron. Burton became blind, and gave the picture to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, of which he was a Bencher.
Edward Willes (Justice of King's Bench)				Engraved by J. Heath, 1792.
Sir William Blackstone (Justice of Common Pleas) Arrayed in his robes; he has a deed in his hand—his features are massive, and somewhat austere.	h.l.		Sir Robert Peel	It has been stated that this portrait was sold to Sir Robert Peel, by the late Member for Wallingford, for the sum of eighty guineas. Hall's engraving of the picture illustrates the earlier editions of the Commentaries.
Judge Perrin				

Portraits by Gainsborough of Musicians.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Charles Frederick Abel				(Vide "Pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy" in 1777.)
Charles Frederick Abel	t.q.	4 4 by 3 4	Dr. Hoskins, F R S	
Seated in an old-fashioned chair, with his viol di gamba between his legs. In his right hand he holds his bow; his left hand, which is exquisitely painted, rests on the instrument. He is earnestly intent upon the sounds he is producing.				One of Gainsborough's favorite drawings was a portrait of Abel. It was bequeathed by Miss Gainsborough to Mr. Briggs, at the sale of whose pictures it was purchased by Mr. Crompton.
Johann Christian Fischer	w.l.	7 5 by 4 8	In Hampton Court	Painted for the composer, and presented by some member of his family, after his death, to the Prince of Wales. Thicknesse mentions another whole length portrait of Fischer, "in scarlet and gold, like a Colonel of the Foot Guards." Edwards says (probably of this picture), that "Fischer's portrait was for several months exposed for sale in the shop of a picture dealer, in Catherine Street, in the Strand."
Bach				
Thomas Linley		2 6 by 2 6	Dulwich Gallery	
Thomas Linley and his Sister (Mrs. Sheridan)			Duchess of Dorset	

Portraits by Gainsborough of Actors.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
David Garrick			(Vide "Pictures exhibited at the Society of Arts," (1766), the "Royal Academy" (1770), and the "British Institution" (1815).
David Garrick			
David Garrick			
David Garrick		J. T. Schomberg, Esq.	Painted for Dr. Ralph Schomberg. Davies relates that, a short time before Garrick's death, when Dr. Schomberg approached him, Garrick said, with a quiet smile, "Though last not least in love."
David Garrick In a Court suit of black. His hands are beautifully drawn—the hair dressed and powdered to represent a wig. A very carefully finished work.	h.l. 2 5 by 1 7	D. R. Blaine, Esq.	Sir William Beechey characterised this picture as "an admirable likeness, and one of Gainsborough's best portraits." We have not been able to trace the owner of the portrait of Garrick, to which allusion is made in Gainsborough's letter to the actor, written in 1772. One of Gainsborough's portraits of Garrick has been engraved by J. Collier.
James Quin			(Vide "Pictures exhibited at the Society of Arts" (1763.)
Samuel Foote He wears a dress wig, green coat and waistcoat, with frill and lace cuffs—his left hand is in the waistcoat pocket.	h.l. 2 6 by 2 0	J. Wiltshire, Esq.	A study for a portrait of Foote was purchased by Mr. Herman, at Mr. Garrett's sale, in 1844.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
John Edwin A face full of expression; the coloring, beautiful.	h.l.	Garrick Club House	
John Henderson			A portrait of Henderson, by Gainsborough, was exhibited at the British Institution, in 1815, but we know not whether it was the same picture as that exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1780. It is certain that Gainsborough painted more than one portrait of Henderson. In a letter to Mr. Palmer, of Bath, dated 1773, Henderson says, "Gainsborough . . . . promised me a miniature from the picture of mine." Writing to Mrs. Ireland, about two years later, he observes—"Pray have you seen my picture at Gainsborough's yet? . . . . I think it very like." And to Mr. Ireland, he writes in 1777, "I hope that Gainsborough will let you have my head—don't you think it a very fine likeness." A mezzotint engraving of one of these portraits was executed by J. Jones, in 1783.
Mrs. Siddons	t.q.	Mrs. H. Siddons	
Mrs. Yates			
Miss Bessy Brunton Seated in the open air. The landscape is, however, very subservient to the portrait.	t.q.	F. Noverre, Esq.	Miss Brunton made her début at the age of sixteen, in the "Grecian Daughter,"—her father playing Evander.

Portraits by Gainsborough of Literati.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Dr. Johnson Holding a staff.				Purchased by Mr. Benjamin, in 1851, for £4. 6s. The picture was previously in the possession of Mr. R. Hutchinson.
Lawrence Sterne	head	1 2 by 1 6	Bishop of Ely	It appears to have been painted at one sitting.
Samuel Richardson	head	1 8 by 2 1	Sir W. Holburne, Bart.	
Paul Whitehead				An oval engraving (J. Collyer, 1776), illustrates his "Poems."
George Colman				Engraved by J. Hall, 1787, and prefixed to his Works, in two vols.
Thomas Pennant Sitting in a garden, with a book under his arm.				J. K. Sherwin, 1778. Bromley says that the face was altered by Mazell, and the plate cut into an oval to use with Pennant's Works.
Arthur Murphy				Author of the "Grecian Daughter" and other plays.
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu	head			Bought by Mr. Anthony, in 1851, for £5. 10s.
D'Ageno				F. Bartolozzi's engraving of this portrait illustrates the Italian Poems of D'Ageno.
Ignatius Sancho	oval			
Thomas Chatterton Dressed in a green coat—his hair falls very much over the forehead, and reaches to the shoulders—the face is partly in profile.	h.l.	1 10 by 1 6	E. Naylor, Esq.	Prefixed to his "Poems"—F. Bartolozzi.

Portraits by Gainsborough of Soldiers & Sailors.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Samuel, Lord Viscount Hood	w.l.	Ironmongers' Hall	
Lord Rodney	—		mez., Dupont, 1788.
General Wolfe He is in uniform, and wears his hat; the silver lace on which, and on his coat, is touched with great brilliancy.	Head and bust	Mrs. Gibbons	Gainsborough's practice in painting silver and gold lace, jewels, and other ornaments, was generally the reverse of that of Reynolds, who subdued those things to give brightness to the flesh; while Gainsborough gave the utmost brightness to everything bright in reality.
Captain Roberts The companion of Captain Cook, at the time of his death, has a chart of the Sandwich Islands by his side; his forefinger points to Owhyhee, where Cook fell. The sea and the ship "Resolution" appear in the distance.	t.q. 4 1 by 3 3	MrsCol.Whitcomb	
Admiral Vernon	t.q.		mez., M'Ardell.
Admiral Hawkins		E. Bicknell, Esq.	
John, Lord Sandwich			(As to this, and the eight following portraits, vide "Pictures exhibited at the Society of Arts" and the "Royal Academy.")
General Conway			
General Honywood			
Colonel Nugent			
Colonel St. Leger			
Colonel Tarleton			
Captain Augustus Hervey			
Captain Needham			
Captain Wade			
Admiral Howe			(Vide "Pictures exhibited at the B. I.")
Lord Hervey			(Vide "Portraits of the Nobility.")

Miscellaneous Portraits by Gainsborough.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Benjamin West His hand rests on a book.				Engraved by C. Watson, 1785.
Sir Joseph Banks				
Richard Warren, M.D.	t.q.			mez., J. Jones, 1772.
Mark Beaufoy, Esq. A very fine-looking man, with a calm intellectual countenance. He is sitting in an arm-chair—a glimpse of green fields is seen beyond the curtain which forms the background.	—	4 2 by 3 4	G. Beaufoy, Esq.	mez., Valentine Green, 1781 (a private plate.)
Henry Beaufoy, Esq., M.P. In an easy standing position. The head is well painted, the rest of the picture, sketchy, but effective.	w.l.	7 6 by 5 0	F. J. Jervoise, Esq.	
Mrs. Beaufoy (Wife of Mr. Henry Beaufoy)	—		Sir W. Heathcote, Bart.	
Sir Francis Dashwood				
Sir Edward Turner, Bart.	—			mez., J. M'Ardell (a private plate.)
Joshua Kirby				mez., J. Dixon.
Mrs. Fane (Wife of Admiral Fane) Seated in a garden, nursing a little dog. Like Mrs. Siddons, she wears a large beaver hat. The background is very boldly handled.			C. Empson, Esq.	Presented to Mr. Empson by Mr. Walter Savage Landor.
Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Watson				mez., T. Park, 1788.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Lady Emma Hamilton (Wife of Sir William Hamilton)			Bishop of Ely	
Mrs. Sheridan	w.l.		E. Bouverie, Esq.	
— Langton, Esq.			W. H G. Langton, Esq., M.P.	
Mrs. Langton				
M. Vestris	Head and bust		Sir R. Peel, Bart.	Mr. Christie describes this as "one of the most elegant and life-like paintings he has ever seen."
Mrs. Richards (Wife of the Musician)				mez., J. Spilsbury.
Philip James Loutherbourg The artist leans on a table; he has a sketch before him. This portrait, as Mrs. Jamieson observes, "is not one of Gainsborough's best—it is very feebly colored."		2 6 by 2 6	Dulwich Gallery	
Mr. Samuel Linley		2 6 by 2 6	Dulwich Gallery	"Gainsborough had but one sitting for the portrait of Linley," says Mr. Denning, "and did not paint on the picture an hour. I have authority for this."
Mrs. Moody and her Children The mother, carrying her younger child, and leading by the hand a blue-eyed fair-haired girl, who has her lap full of wild flowers (one of which she has placed in her sash), is returning from a woodland ramble.	w.l.	6 2 by 5 0	Dulwich Gallery	Presented by Captain Moody.
Dr. Gravenor	—		G. Dupont, Esq.	A small picture.
William Almack, Esq. He is standing in a thick wood,	t.q.	4 0 by 3 3	R. Almack, Esq.	

resting his arm on the branch of a tree, with his hat in his hand. His costume is a powdered wig, brown coat, and lace ruffles.					
John Plampin, Esq. In a brown coat, and blue satin embroidered waistcoat.	h.l.	2 6	by 2 0	R. Almack, Esq.	
John Plampin (son of the preceding, and grandson of John, Earl of Bristol) A handsome boy, in a Vandyke dress, holding a book.	—	2 6	by 2 0	R. Almack, Esq	Of the three portraits, in the possession of Mr. Almack, the first mentioned was painted about the year 1776; the second, in 1777; and the third, in 1766.
Robert Edgar, Esq.	h.l.	2 5	by 2 0	Mrs. Edgar	The portrait of Mr. Edgar—who was a friend to Gainsborough when friends were few—is ably executed.
Miss Katherine Edgar } his	—	2 5	by 2 0	Mrs. Edgar	
Miss Elizabeth Edgar } sisters	—	2 5	by 2 0	Mrs. Edgar	
Mr. Bullen	h.l.			G. Bullen, Esq.	
Mr. Barry In his hunting dress.				Mr. Johnson	Formerly in the collection of Mr Kilderbee.
Cramer (the Metallurgist) He has in his hand a piece of ore. Behind him is a volume, entitled "Cramer on Metals"—through the open window is seen a quiet touch of landscape.		2 1	by 2 6	Sir W. Holburne, Bart.	
A Lady Her white satin dress, and blue mantle edged with fur, are beautifully rendered.		2 1	by 2 6	Sir W. Holburne, Bart.	

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Master Heathcote A little boy of about four years of age—holding in one hand a black hat and feathers, in the other, a bunch of flowers. A landscape forms the background.	w.l.		J. Heathcote, Esq.	The history of this picture is interesting. Gainsborough chanced to be on a visit in Bath when a destructive sickness was raging in different parts of the kingdom. The parents of Master Heathcote having lost their other children by the epidemic, were anxious to secure a portrait of the one yet spared to them. They applied to Gainsborough, who, however, refused, saying that he had visited Bath for the purpose of recreation; but, on hearing the circumstances of the case, he requested Mrs. Heathcote to let him see her son. The next morning, the boy, dressed in a plain white muslin frock with a blue sash, was taken to Gainsborough. "You have brought him simply dressed," he said—"had you paraded him in a fancy costume, I would not have painted him; now I will gladly comply with your request."
Mrs. Elliot				mez., J. Dean, 1779.
A Gentleman, with a gun	h.l.		C. Ford, Esq.	Very thinly painted.
— Palmer, Esq.		2 5 by 2 0	Mrs. Palmer	
A Gentleman			J. Josselyn, Esq.	
Mr. Browne		2 6 by 2 0	R. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P.	
Miss Browne		2 6 by 2 0	R. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P.	
Miss Coghlan				mez., J. R. Smith, 1772.
Mr. John Stanley				Engraved by M. Scott, 1781.

Colonel Bullock	w.l.		H. Bullock, Esq.	
Mr. and Mrs. Hallet	w.l.			Said to have been painted on their marriage, from the fact of a church appearing in the background. Mr. Hallet was well known in his day as a lover of the turf. The picture is *in legis gremio*, being, amongst other things, the subject of a suit in Chancery.
Lady Mary Boltby	t.q.		G. Richmond, Esq.	A very carefully executed work.
R. Palmer, Esq.			R. Palmer, Esq.	A duplicate of this portrait is in the possession of Sir W. B. Proctor, Bart.
— Popham, Esq.	t.q.		— Popham, Esq.	
Mrs. Popham	—		— Popham, Esq.	
The Members of the "Musical Club" (Ipswich)		1 3 by 1 8	J. G. Srutt, Esq.	This picture should, perhaps, have been mentioned in the list of "Portraits of Musicians."
A Gentleman In a landscape.			Marquis of Hertford	
A Study for a family picture			Bridgewater Gallery	Thus described by Dr. Waagen: "A gentleman, three ladies, and three children, grouped in the foreground of a woody landscape, on the right of which are two youths returning from the chase; and in the background a young lady and her attendant, on horseback."
A Lady			Lady Austin	
A Youth Holding a bow—the quiver rests against a large oak tree behind him: His hat is off, his vest apart, To catch heaven's blessed breeze.	t.q.	2 6 by 2 1	Mr. J. Clarke	
A Sportsman He has a gun in his hand—a dog is issuing from a thicket on the right.		1 9 by 1 4	Mr. J. Clarke	A small picture.

Miscellaneous Landscapes, Fancy Pictures, &c., by Gainsborough.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Landscape, with cattle and figures		Marlborough House	
Musidora	5 11 by 5 0	Vernon Gallery	We believe that this is the only nude figure Gainsborough painted, and she is only partially nude—in other respects, the work is by no means remarkable. Engraved by Lightfoot for the "Art Journal," July, 1853.
Scene on a Common, with boys and asses	3 6 by 2 0	Arundel Castle	
A Landscape A horse drinking at a pool.		SutherlandGallery	A small picture.
Cows in a meadow		BridgewaterHouse	Engraved in the Stafford Gallery.
A young girl	h.l.	Stafford House	
Cottage Scene		Lord Northwick	
Landscape, with cattle, by some water		Belvoir Castle	
A party of country people before a house		Belvoir Castle	"Very powerful and clear," remarks Dr. Waagen.
A herd of cattle in a Landscape		Belvoir Castle	
Landscape, with cattle	1 0 by 1 1	Duchess of Hamilton	
Landscape, with cattle	1 0 by 1 1	Duchess of Hamilton	
The Lakes of Cumberland	2 6 by 4 9	Duchess of Hamilton	

A Landscape (a sketch)			Countess of Hardwicke	Formerly in the collection of Mr. Kilderbee.
A Landscape (a sketch)			Lord Foley	
Landscape, with figures A lady is speaking to a poor woman, who is sitting, with her baby, by the roadside. The background consists of trees, through which a gleam of sunshine bursts and illumines the figures.	0 10 by 1 0		Sir W. Holburne, Bart.	
The Mushroom Girl	7 4 by 4 9		G. Dupont, Esq.	
Jack Hill (in a cottage) The boy, whose handsome face is turned towards the spectator, stands in front of a large fire—his outstretched hands and distended fingers imbibe warmth at every pore—the ruddy light of the burning brands brings out his picturesque figure most strongly. His sister is sitting on the floor, eating from a wooden bowl.	1 2 by 1 6		G. Dupont, Esq.	The coloring of this picture is exceedingly fine.
Jack Hill, with his cat, in a wood	1 2 by 1 6		G. Dupont, Esq.	Copies of these pictures of Jack Hill, were, we believe, in the possession of Mr. Copland. They were sold by Mr. Christie, in 1836—the first, for £152. 5s., the second, for £136. 10s.
A Landscape—entrance to a wood Stick-gatherers and a white horse are introduced.	1 6 by 1 5		G. Dupont, Esq.	
Cottage among trees (a sketch)	0 8 by 1 0		G. Dupont, Esq.	
Woody scene	0 8 by 1 0		G. Dupont, Esq.	
Wrestlers—Slack & Braughton (a sketch)	1 6 by 1 1		G. Dupont, Esq.	

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
Rural courtship A girl milking a cow, and a woodman talking to her—woodland background.	4 0 by 3 3	Rev. G. Gardiner	
Hen and chickens	1 10 by 2 0	Rev. G. Gardiner	An exquisite sketch, in oil.
Two Dogs		Miss Clarke	Of the size of life.
An old Horse Its head rests on the branch of a dead tree.		Miss Clarke	
A Peasant Boy		Miss Clarke	An early work.
A rocky Landscape Similar in design to Mr. Wiltshire's picture of the "Harvest Waggon." In the foreground, a waggon, with a large bundle of wood in the forepart, and some women and children at the end nearest the spectator—a young man is helping a girl up into it. There are also sheep and a dog in the foreground.	4 0 by 5 0	Mrs. Gibbons	This picture is painted with a very light touch, and with finish just sufficient to express in perfection the character of every object. The color is golden.
Girl and Pigs		Mrs. Gibbons	A repetition of the picture bought by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and exceedingly fine. Gainsborough, it seems, painted this subject four times.
A Landscape A group of large trees in the centre, between their stems the tower of a village church and a silvery stream are seen. Cattle are drinking at a pool—two children seated in the foreground.		J. H. Anderdon, Esq.	An early work.

A Landscape Under a bank, from which springs a willow tree, are three cows. A boy is stretched at length on the ground, his dog watching by his side—two peasants are moving from the spot.		J. H. Anderdon, Esq.	
The Gipsies' Repast Eight or nine figures—men, women, and children—engaged in preparing their evening meal beneath the shade of a wide-spreading oak: A kettle, slung Between two poles upon a stick transverse, Receives the morsel.	3 0 by 2 4	J. Wiltshire, Esq.	The subject of one of Gainsborough's etchings. A similar picture was sold by Mr. Christie, in 1848, for £180.
The Windmill—a view near Sudbury	2 0 by 1 7	J. S. Muskett, Esq.	Engraved by Samuel Middiman.
A Landscape (after Wynants) A waggon, drawn by two horses, is descending into a valley; a sand-bank forms the foreground—there is a farm in the distance.	2 0 by 1 7	J. S. Muskett, Esq.	
View in Epping Forest	1 2 by 1 1	J. S. Muskett, Esq.	Painted when on a visit at Epping, and presented to his host.
Cattle passing a bridge		— Skrine, Esq.	Formerly in the possession of Colonel Bowles, of North Aston, whose father had some knowledge of painting, and was, moreover, fond of music. Gainsborough was much delighted with a fine-toned violin in Mr. Bowles's possession, and offered him any one of his pictures for the instrument. This work was on the easel, and Mr. Bowles selected it.

Subject.	Size.	ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
A Landscape A purple distance of undulating country, like that in the neighbourhood of Bath, with a wooded and broken foreground. The only figures are a man on horseback, and a cow.		1 5 by 2 0	D. R. Blaine, Esq.	Very highly finished.
A Landscape A shepherd boy, leaning on his crook, and some sheep, on a rising ground. A storm has just passed over: the clouds, still red and lowering, are slightly reflected on the foreground.	oval	2 7 by 2 2	Mrs. Edgar	The judicious attention to details in this charming work (painted for his friend, Mr. Edgar), marks the period of its execution to have been during his Ipswich residence.
A Landscape			Mr. Berners	In early life, Gainsborough, like Hogarth, was not unwilling, occassionally to dispose of his pictures by raffle. This landscape he valued at twenty guineas, but could only obtain fourteen subscribers, at one guinea each. The grandfather of Mr. Berners, who was one of the speculators, then offered to become its purchaser for the sum required, to which Gainsborough consented.
The Woodman's Retnrn The road along which "he hies, his labor done," is bordered by large trees. A rustic church appears in the distance.		3 2 by 4 1	Dr. Freckleton	Presented by Gainsborough to his physician, at Bath, Dr. Chorlton. It was subsequently purchased by Dr. Freckleton's father.
A Boy on a white horse, descending a hill (a sketch)		2 1 by 2 5	Dr. Freckleton	

A View from "Gainsborough's Lane" A quiet pastoral scene, in the golden light of eventide.	oval	1 0 by 0 10	W. P. Hunt, Esq.	
A Peasant Girl			W. P. Hunt, Esq.	A carefully finished miniature.
A Landscape		3 9 by 3 6	Mr. O. Roe	A very early work.
Two Girls chasing a butterfly One of them has a handkerchief in her hand, and is about to make the capture.			Mr. O. Roe	Unfinished, except the faces, which are most expressive.
The Woodcutter He is binding a bundle of faggots—a donkey stands near him.			E. P. Clarke, Esq.	
The Watering Place In the centre, are cattle at water. On the right, by a fallen tree, a peasant girl, and a man leaning over her. A figure is seen descending a hill.			E. P. Clarke, Esq.	
A Landscape Cows, with an old man standing near them, and a boy lying on the trunk of a tree, occupy the foreground. In the middle distance, a cottage on a chalky road, and two donkeys. A woody background.		3 3 by 3 4	Mr. R. Roe	
A Landscape A man, in a red jacket, sitting in a cart drawn by a grey horse. There is a shepherd on a rustic bridge, and some sheep are in a meadow beyond.		1 10 by 1 6	C. Tyrell, Esq.	
A Landscape			J.G.Fordham,Esq.	Painted with great freedom.
A Landscape			J.G.Fordham,Esq.	One of his earliest works.

Subject.	Size. ft. & in.	Possessor.	Observations.
A Landscape (after Wynants)		J.G.Fordham,Esq.	
A Lady, bathing her feet	1 0 by 1 2		This, and the three following pictures —executed during his Ipswich career —were in the collection of the late Thomas Green, Esq., and are still in the possession of his family; having (with the exception of "A Landscape, a sketch), originally been in the possession of Mr. Frost, of Ipswich, a most successful imitator of Gainsborough's style.
A Suffolk Landscape	1 2 by 1 1		
A Landscape (a sketch)	1 5 by 1 1		
A Scene in Suffolk—evening	1 11 by 1 8		
Harvest-time and Sheep-shearing	3 6 by 4 2	Mr. J. Clarke	
Landscape, with cattle			In the collection of the late Sir William Curtis, who was such a lover of Gainsborough's landscapes, that, during an illness, he hung one in his chamber, that he might see it through the opening of his bed curtains.
A Landscape (a sketch)		J. Bentley, Esq.	
The Charter House (a sketch)	oval	Foundling Hospital	The picture forms one of a series of views of the public Hospitals of London, of about the middle of the last century. "It was doubtless painted expressly for this Charity," observes Mr. Brownlow, the Secretary to that Institution, "being of a uniform size with others in the Court Room."
A Jewish Rabbi (a copy of Rembrandt's picture, in the National Gallery)		Hampton Court	Hazlitt truly styles Gainsborough's copy, "a fine, sombre, mellow head."

The Three Trees (a copy of Rembrandt's famous etching)	Lord Craven	
Spanish Peasants (a copy of a picture by Murillo)	Col. Blathwayte	"Some years prior to 1787," says Col. Blathwayte, "my grandfather, Mr. William Blathwayte, requested Gainsborough to make a copy of a picture by Murillo, in the possession of General Blathwayte—its subject, a Spanish peasant boy calling your attention to an old woman, seated with her porridge (accompanied by a dog), and apparently disconcerted by the boy's ridicule. Gainsborough has made such an excellent copy, that the original has often been disputed. Both pictures are now at Dryham Park."

Gainsborough's "Cottage Girl going with her Pitcher to the Brook" has been engraved by Charles Turner; also the "Interior of a Cottage" and "Little Cottagers:" the latter were executed in mezzotinto, for Miss Linwood, in 1819.

S. W. Reynolds is the engraver of "The Cottage, a Moonlight Scene," and "A Landscape and Cows," two paintings formerly in the possession of Dr. Munro. A very fine lithograph of "Repose—Cattle in a Landscape" (in the possession of Mr. Bicknell), has been executed by Mr. Richard Lane.

Gainsborough painted a companion picture to the "Two Shepherd's Boys, with Fighting Dogs," known now only from the print—"Girls with a Donkey"—the original work, like the "Woodman in the Storm," being destroyed by fire at Exton Park.

We have not succeeded in tracing the owners of the "Shepherd's Boy in the Shower," and the "Broken Pitcher." There are prints of both pictures—of the former, by Richard Earlom.

The wooden figure (head and shoulders only), placed by Gainsborough on the wall of his garden, at Ipswich, is in the possession of Mrs. Jackson, of that town.

At Dr. Munro's death, the Mechanical Apparatus, mentioned at page 122 of this work, was sold by Mr. Christie for £74. 11s.

Names of some of the Possessors of Gainsborough's Drawings.

Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.
Sir W. Holburne, Bart.
J. H. Hawkins, Esq.

Rev. Gainsborough Gardiner
Gainsborough Dupont, Esq.
Miss Clarke
Mrs. Edgar
Mrs. Green
G. Constable, Esq.
C. Ford, Esq.

In oil and water colors, sepia, Indian ink, chalks, and lead pencil: the earliest, the most elaborated.

Amongst others, an excellent copy, in chalks, of one of Ruysdaal's pictures.

Sir Thomas Lawrence possessed many of Gainsborough's drawings—one of them, a landscape, with a bridge of several arches over a river, executed in black and white chalk, on blue paper: under it, Lawrence has written, "Given me by himself (Gainsborough), at Bath."

The late Dr. Munro, Mr. Kilderbee, and Mr. Frost, had large collections of Gainsborough's studies and drawings. There are, in the British Museum, fifty-six of Gainsborough's drawings (apparently cut from a sketch-book, in size, about 7 in. by 5 in.), formerly in Mr. Payne Knight's collection. "They consist principally," says Mr. Carpenter, "of slight sketches from nature of landscape scenery; amongst them, however, is an interesting whole length figure of a man seated on a bank, holding in his left hand (which rests on the branch of a tree), a mirror, into which he is looking with great earnestness, as if studying the effect of the landscape reflected in it—an open sketch-book is on his lap." There are, besides, "eight very small studies of effects (about two inches square), sketched in black-and white chalk, on blue paper."

"A collection of Prints, illustrative of English scenery, from the Drawings and Sketches of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., in the various collections. Engraved and published by W. F. Wells and J. Laporte, 1802."

"Studies of Figures by Gainsborough. Executed in exact imitation of the originals, by Richard Lane. London: Published by J. Dickinson, New Bond Street, January 1st., 1825."

ADDENDA.

Pictures by Gainsborough exhibited at the British Institution,

In 1856.

Mrs. Gage and child . . .	J. E. Fordham, Esq. .	Of a miniature size.
A Landscape	Rt. Hon. R. C. Hamilton, M.P.	

In the distance, there is calm water, and a boat with a sail up. In the foreground, a few sheep and a shepherd — very slightly touched, but an admirable picture.

Portraits by Gainsborough of the Nobility, &c.

John, Duke of Bedford . .	Blenheim Palace . .	
Lady Chatham (Mother of William Pitt)	Mr. Tomline	
Miss McGill (afterwards Countess of Clanwilliam)	Earl of Darnley . . .	
A Lady	Earl of Darnley . . .	Bust-size.

Landscapes by Gainsborough.

A Family, before their cottage	W. Ellis, Esq. . . .	
A Landscape	Col. Wyndham (Petworth)	

APPENDIX.

AFTER this memoir had been printed, the following characteristic letter from Thicknesse to Gainsborough's sister, Mrs. Gibbon, was placed at our disposal by the courtesy of the Rev. Gainsborough Gardiner. It requires no comment, as it contains its own corrective.

"Dear Madam,

"I would not wish to afflict you, but I cannot refrain from sending you a copy of a letter Dupont has sent me, and just after I had published as strong a letter in his favor as I was capable of writing in the 'St. James's Chronicle.'

'*25th April*, 1789.

'Sir,

'Your letter to my aunt has given her, as you intended it should, great uneasiness. I forbear at this moment using the epithets so unmanly a conduct deserves, in the hope that, on reflection, you will not carry into execution the threats you insinuate of attacking her and my late uncle's reputation. Whilst he was living, he was the proper guardian of both; now he is, unhappily for us, no more, I feel myself bound in gratitude, as well as affection, to supply that place. I therefore, in the most emphatic manner, advise you to be cautious how you proceed; for I will not be indifferent either to the attacks of his fame or her reputation.

'I am, Sir,

'Your obedient, humble Servant,

'GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT.'

"Mrs. Gainsborough always told me Dupont was a drunken, worthless fellow, and that I did not know him. I confess I did not know him then, but his threats will not withhold my pen or the press from telling the truth, and printing Dupont's letter in a second edition of the Sketches.* I have, indeed, learnt since I came to town, of a

* Thicknesse probably refers to a work he published, entitled, "Sketches and Characters of the most Eminent and most Singular Persons now Living," 1770; a second edition of which, was, we believe, never called for.

very mean, shabby trick, which Mr. Gainsborough did by me; but his genius and good qualities overcome that; but Dupont's ingratitude and Mrs. G's. meanness I shall not overlook. Are you not glad, like me, that our career in this wicked, false, and infamous life, is almost over with us?

"I am, dear Madam,

"Your faithful, humble Servant,

"P. THICKNESSE.

"*27th of April.*

"To Mrs. Gibbon,
"Circus,
"Bath."

ERRATA.

In p. 110—*dele* Note.

„ p. 183—The "Duke and Duchess of Cumberland," (1777) add "Buckingham Palace"—*Possessor.*

„ p. 191—*Possessor*—for "Buckingham Palace," read "Windsor Castle."

„ p. 202, "The Market Cart"—*Observations*—for, "Lord Northwick possesses a duplicate of the Market Cart," read, "possesses a picture similar in design to the Market Cart."

„ p. 225—*Observations*—for, "Dr. Waagen," read, "Mrs. Jamieson."

„ p. 226—*dele* "Cows in a Meadow, Bridgewater House," &c.

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